

# The Constellation.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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## THE CONSTELLATION.

To \*\*\*\*\*

Thou art launch'd on life's turbulent stream,  
O'er its breast to be wafted or driven,  
And illum'd by as radiant a beam  
As ever to mortal was given;  
But mark thee, its current full swift  
Hurries down to a frightful abyss!  
And heedlessly on thou may'st drift,  
With thy pennant still pointing to bliss.

On its margin blooms many a flower,  
Where the ripples oft eddy and play,  
And deep in some myrtle-clad bower,  
The syren would lure thee to stay;  
Trust not the flattering tale,  
Nor be sway'd by the hue of a leaf;  
Though gentle and favouring the gale,  
Thy voyage, alas! may be brief.  
For if thou that haven would'st gain,  
Where the waves sleep o'er pebbles of gold;  
To delve for the pearls they contain,  
And all their vast treasures unfold;  
Thine arm, with a zeal must be nerv'd  
To encounter the bulging surge,  
That from its main object unsuav'd,  
Through each billow thy shallop shall urge.

But should all the charms of the shore  
Enchant in its roving thine eye,  
Whilst thou would'st recline on thy oar,  
And suffer the moments to fly;  
False dreamer, with fancy elate,  
The rapids shall sweep thee away,  
And one look from the gulph of thy fate  
Be th' expiring flash of thy day!

### FINE ARTS.

NEWTON'S DUTCH GIRL is now exhibiting at Peabody's. The figure and costume are very natural, while the enchanting modesty of the face is beautifully expressed; and the hand!—Who would not envy the possession of such a hand as that of our fair *croune*? We remember the interest which this picture excited in London; the engraving, by Doo, is exceedingly well executed.

STOTHARD'S PILGRIMAGE TO CANTERBURY has attracted much attention at the same publishers; the costume in this engraving is faithfully historical, while the figures are all but animated; especially the friars, the jolly fellows—and the widow, almost speaking her regret at "single blessedness." The character of the cavalier en *cheval* is very graceful. On the whole, we consider this Stothard's best production; he has departed from his usual stiffness, and the consequent improvement is as might be expected from so talented a pencil.

STANSFIELD'S WRECKERS OF FORT ROUGE NEAR CALAIS is received by Wm. Colman. This picture is another evidence of the talent of this artist; if any portion might predominate where all are excellent, perhaps we should say, Mr. Stansfield is most happy when "at sea." There is a masterly conception in this picture, which by the lovers of marine life will be intensely enjoyed. Mr. Quilley, the engraver of the "Departure from Egypt," reviewed in our last, has exhibited his usual ability on this plate.

At *Werkmeister's*, Broadway, has just been published, a very fine Mezzotint from a picture by B.R. Haydon, entitled "WAITING FOR THE TIMES AFTER AN ADJOURNED DEBATE;" the subject is most happy, the attitude of the reader plainly tells you his political feelings, and that his method is not only to read, but also to "mark, learn and inwardly digest," all the good, wise and clever things that may have been plac-

ed to the credit of the speakers; no doubt this man is of that class of readers who begin at "The Times," and go regularly through every line of every column till he comes to "printed and published," the last lines of the last page; and the party waiting seems fully to agree with our opinion; one would imagine from his restrained impatience that only one copy of the Times was published daily, instead of 12,000; the sheet too is of the "mammoth size," as if to add to the demand upon his patience. The effect of this picture is truly admirable. Mr. Haydon, it will be remembered, was the gentleman who executed the celebrated painting of the "King's Bench Election" some four seasons back, which embraced portraits of all the prominent inmates of that legal Pandemonium.

F. D.

### NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.

THE PYRAMIDS.—The next morning I ascended the great pyramid, which is 500 feet in height; its base about 700 feet long at each square, making a circumference of about 3000 feet; and its summit is 28 feet square. It is perfectly true, as a celebrated traveller has observed, that you feel much disappointed at the first view of the pyramids. As they stand in the midst of a flat and boundless desert, and there is no elevation near with which to contrast them, it is not easy to be aware of their real magnitude, until, after repeated visits and observations, their vast size fills the mind with astonishment.

The outside of the great pyramid is formed of rough stones of a light yellow color, which form unequal steps all round from the bottom to the summit. These stones or steps are two, three or four feet high, and the ascent is rather laborious, but perfectly free from danger or any serious difficulty. What a boundless and extraordinary prospect opened from the summit! On one side a fearful and melancholy desert, either level or broken into wild and fantastic hills of sand or rocks; on the other scenes of the utmost fertility and beauty marked the course of the Nile, that wound its way as far as the eye could reach into Upper Egypt; beneath, amidst the overflow of waters, appeared the numerous hamlets and groves enriched like so many beautiful islets; and far in the distance was seen the smoke of Cairo and its lofty minarets, with the dreary Mount Mokattam rising above. Who but would linger over such a scene, and, however wide he roamed, who would not feel hopeless of ever seeing it equalled.—*Cane's Letters from the East.*

### THE PEAK AT DERBY, ENGLAND.

By a young Violant.

For words, alas! in vain I seek  
To paint the wonders of the Peak,  
With pleasure there I'd stay a week,  
To view that mountain wild and bleak;  
Rocks mark'd with many a verdant streak,  
Where graze the herds, so fat and sleek;  
To see the eagle's iron beak  
Soaring above the misty reek;  
Those caverns which, by Nature's freak,  
Astonishment and awe bespeak;—  
To tell their horrors words were weak.  
Ruffians might here their vengeance wreak;  
Here might be heard the midnight shriek—  
Ladies, till now so mild and meek,  
At sight of its dark waters squeak,  
And as the boat rocks in the creek,  
Dim grows each eye and pale each cheek,  
Lest the frail bark may spring a leak.  
To these, and such as these, I speak;  
For they who do not feel a tweak  
Within them, as they homeward sneak,  
Must be more brave than ere was Greek.  
There's but one rhyme remains to cke  
These verses out—*C'est bien Comique.*

SINGULAR SUPERSTITION.—A few weeks after the queen, Marie Antoinette, recovered from her confinement of the Duchess d'Angoulême, the Cure of the *Magdelaine de la Cite*, at Paris, wrote to M. Campan, and requested a private interview with him; it was to desire he would deliver into the hands of the queen a little box, containing her wedding ring, with this note, written by the cure: "I have received, under the seal of confession, the ring which I send to your majesty; with an avowal that it was stolen from you in 1771, in order to be used in sorceries, to prevent your having any children." On seeing her ring again, the

queen said that she had, in fact, lost it about seven years before, while washing her hands; and that she had made it a rule with herself, to use no endeavor to discover the superstitious woman who had done her the injury.—*Mad. Campan's Memoirs.*

### FORRESTER'S SONG.

Forrester! leave thy woodland range,  
And lie thee hence with me;  
For brighter scenes and pleasures strange,  
Forsake thy greenwood tree.  
Come, gather thy cloak above the knee,  
And take thy tail staff down,  
I'll show thee what delights thy be  
That dwell in tower and town.  
Nay, stranger, check thy bright bay steed,  
To sojourn with me here;  
And turn him forth at large to feed  
Amongst these dappled deer:  
And thou, while summer skies are clear,  
Within my greenwood bower,  
Shalt scorn the pleasures once so dear,  
That dwell in town and tower.

Well may I find a better home,  
My steed a warmer stall,  
I know full many a lordly dome,  
Full many a palace hall,  
Where stately rows of columns tall,  
The fretted roof sustain;  
Then, Forrester, yield thee to my call,  
And follow me o'er the plain.

Doth lofty roof delight thy eye,  
Or stately pillar please?  
Look, stranger, at yon azure sky,  
And pillars such as these—  
Where wreathing round majestic trees,  
The verdant ivy clings;  
The pillar'd roofs the peasant sees  
Are fit to shelter kings.

O, who would to the greenwood roam,  
To hear the hauboy's sound,  
To see the glittering goblets foam,  
While mellow pledge goes round;  
Then, while our cares in wine are drown'd,  
The precious stake to hold,  
And find our varying fortunes crown'd  
With hopes of yellow gold?

Stranger! the woodsman's frugal fare,  
No sickly notes stain;  
Nor ever hauboy's artful air,  
Might watch yon throats'le's strain:  
And if the stores of ample gain,  
Thy useful avarice crave,  
Go, Stranger, teach the ruddy grain  
O'er yonder wastes to wave.

Nay, rather to my lady love,  
My courtly lays I'll sing;  
And in my helmet wear her glove,  
When gallants ride the ring:  
Or foremost in the battle spring,  
Where charging squadrons meet;  
And all my warlike trophies bring  
An offering to her feet.

Falsehood in beauty lies conceal'd,  
Guilt haunts the deadly fight:  
Here woods a harmless warfare yield,  
And mads their true-love plight—  
Such simple joys of rustic wight,  
To thee 'twere vain to tell;  
But heavily fall the shades of night—  
Now, stranger, fare thee well!

ORIGIN OF THE TURKISH CRESCENT.—When Philip of Macedon approached by night with his troops to scale the walls of Byzantium, the moon shone out and discovered his design to the besieged, who vigorously repulsed him. The crescent was afterwards adopted as the favourite badge of the city. When the Turks took Byzantium, they found the crescent in every public place, and believing it to possess some magic power, they adopted it themselves.—*Ikerman's Numismatic Manual.*

"Mr. W.—" said a little girl to an apothecary of this town, "Ma' wants a pound of your *cholera alarm*." "Cholera alarm? was that the name my dear?" "Yes sir." "Cholera alarm—was't it chloride of lime?" "O, yessir, I believe it was." —*Ohio State Gaz.*

### COOKING STOVES.

A friend who had been edified by a notice which appeared in this paper, commendatory of a cooking stove in which anthracite is used, called to ask us whether we had tried one of the invention. We had not, and the friend, who really did not seem disposed to "buy a pig in a poke," expressed astonishment that we had not availed ourselves of such an excellent invention. Truth to say, it is not every man in this city that can do just as he pleases in the cooking department; and we verily believe that there is a combination among the cooks to prevent the use of coal burning cooking stoves. No sooner do they hear the matter broached, than they grow elegant against anthracite—a nasty, gaseous, smutty mass, that requires two hours to set on fire, and then will burn the meat; and if the master or mistress should follow up the dispute, the cook comes down with an argument ad hominem—"she can't stay in any house where such things are used."

Conscious of this mortal antipathy of the cooks, and perhaps of females generally, to the coal stoves, a highly respectable citizen finding that the ordinary cooking fire of his family did not give out heat sufficient for the comfort of all the employed in a large cellar kitchen, purchased a patent cooking stove, and gave notice as he caused it to be put in place, that it was only to be used to warm the room, and not for cooking. The new comer was allowed a position for a long time, cook and deputies only occasionally cracking a joke on its fanciful front, and some walnuts on its cast iron top. One day the fire looked so cheerful, that some part of the dinner was put to the stove by way of experiment. It took well, and went easy, and the governess of the kitchen was found at length to yield so much of her prejudice, as to

"—do good by stealth."

and in process of time shut up the fireplace, and proclaimed herself a convert to the cooking stove. It fared differently with another citizen who, with the same philanthropic motives, mistook the means of doing good.

Discovering at a stove maker's, a cooking apparatus of a new and, as he believed, a most excellent construction, and improving at the same time an opportunity of witnessing its operation, he conceived the idea of introducing it at once into his own family. He accordingly purchased the stove, and followed it home, introduced it into his kitchen, and big with the thought of success, which in all matters of cooking, "if it were well done, then it were well that it were done quickly," he determined to aid in putting it up, so that his dinner might be cooked by it that very day. He therefore stripped, and lent a hand with the workmen to put it up—the denizens of the kitchen meantime occupying different corners, gazing in a sort of sullen admiration of the new comer, something like the aborigines of this country when they first discovered the ship of Columbus. Things were in the full tide of experiment, the chief parts of the stove were in order, the various pots, pans, griddles, gridirons, and the workmen's tools were strewed around the floor in delightful confusion, when the gentleman's wife made her appearance in the kitchen. Gazing with indescribable admiration at the chaotic grandeur of her hitherto well governed province, she mildly inquired "what was going on?"

"I have purchased," said the husband, "a new cooking stove, of admirable construction, which will tend to save an infinite deal of trouble."

"And what are you doing with it?"

"Not much; only that I thought as it was early, we would have our dinner cooked by it to-day, to try its virtues."

"But you cannot to-day, as I am going out."

"That is unlucky, and rather unusual. Where are you going?"

"Not far," responded the lady; "only to your counting room to superintend your business in your absence."

The gentleman looked cautiously around—the whole kitchen craft had advanced from their retreats—the door was ajar—he took his coat, slipped out, and was soon afterwards seen superintending his ledger. Shortly afterwards he took a peep into the scene of his former labors, and discovered his purchase snugly stowed away in a closet; the children had used the sauce pans to make soap bubbles in, and the long tin pipes to throw putty pellets.

The stove, as it stood, was useless at best, and might induce unprofitable reminiscences. It was, therefore, presented to an unmarried friend—and should it find favor, we propose speaking directly of its merits.—*U. S. Gaz.*

## MISCELLANY.

THE HOPEFUL SON,  
OR THE PARISIAN SAILOR.

We are presented with another specimen of *Le Lierre des Cent-et-un*, in the following history of a scapegrace. It conveys a moral for fathers.

## CHAPTER I.

"Matthew Guichard was the son of Jean Guichard, locksmith, in the Rue Saint-Benoit. He was about seventeen, of the middle height; slim, nervous, and pale. He had small, twinkling grey eyes; and thin, silky brown hair. His countenance indicated a singular mixture of cunning and simplicity; and his livid and wan complexion had that unhealthy and shrivelled appearance so common among the children of the poor and working classes in Paris.

"In his moral constitution,—if, indeed, he had a moral constitution,—Matthew was insolent, lascivious, lazy, and gluttonous: he was, moreover, a scolder and a bully. He was neither infidel, nor believer, nor sceptic; but of a stoical indifference in matters of religion,—never invoking the name of God but in a manner so detestable, that he had much better not have invoked it at all. But, in truth, we must not bear too hard upon him on this account; for the very first words which his father, formerly an artillery-man, taught him to utter, were the most frightful oaths. These lessons formed the recreation of the old soldier, when, after a hard day's work, he was seated near his extinguished forge. He would then place young Matthew upon his knee, and listen with delight to the renegade oaths lisped forth by the child. Sometimes his wife would talk of prayers, and of the Holy Virgin, and the infant Saviour; but Jean Guichard would reply, 'Peace, woman! I don't choose that my boy should be either a macaroni parson or a Jesuit.'

"Now, in this respect, Matthew did not disappoint the expectations of his father: he was no macaroni parson, and certainly not a Jesuit.

"When he was ten years old, he would kick his mother—insult old men—steal old nails from the shop to raise the wind—do no work—receive sound thrashings from his father—and spend whole days from home. At twelve, he had already commenced his career of gallantry—had broken lamps—beaten the watch—and was an admitted member of the society of *mourais* subjects.

"As he advanced in years, so his offences increased; and the torrent of his misdeeds became so strong, that it threatened to sweep away the reputation, the honor, and the savings of Jean Guichard, his father, who had in vain opposed to it, in the form of a dyke, sundry elm and oak cudgels broken upon the back of his son Matthew, but without improving the habits of the youth. Fortunately, Jean Guichard remembered an old proverb, common with the Parisians, which represents a ship as a sort of moral cess-pool, into which all the filth and rubbish of society is thrown. Thus, when a youth of condition commits one of these egregious follies, which never occur but at the dawn of manhood, there is a meeting of the family, and a grave resolution passed, that the young Don Juan must be shipped off to the West Indies, to encounter the hard rubs of life, until he be polished down into discretion.

"So also, when a young villain, the terror of the neighbourhood, puts no longer any restraint upon his enormities, after being threatened, in succession, with the commissary, a prison, and the galleys, the climax is wound up by saying, 'He must be sent to sea.'

"Now it happened that, one morning, Jean Guichard entered his son's bed-room, who, I know not by what chance, had slept at home. On opening his eyes, Matthew shuddered, for he perceived that his father had no cudgel.

"'He is certainly going to strangle me,' thought the lad.

"Listen to me, Matthew," said old Guichard, coolly: 'thou art now fifteen years old, and the most consummate scoundrel I know; blows have no effect upon you, and you will die upon the gallows. I have been a soldier, but am an honest man; and things cannot therefore go on as they do. You must come with me to Havre.'

"When?"

"Immediately: dress yourself."

"Matthew said not another word; but so soon as his clothes were on, cast a sly glance at the door; then, making a sudden bolt, was in a moment upon the stairs. But his father had watched his motions, and Matthew, already exulting in the anticipation of his escape, felt the muscular grip of his father's huge hands.

"Softly, lad—not so fast," said Jean, and preceding Matthew into the shop, ordered his wife to call a cab, into which the father and son mounted,—a big tear starting in the eyes of the latter, when he saw his mother, in an agony of grief, throw herself upon her knees near the forge.

"From the cab, Matthew passed into the diligence, accompanied by his father, who left him not an instant. The next morning they arrived at Havre.

"In every commercial seaport town in France, there are certain tavern-keepers who supply unemployed seamen with beard and lodgings upon credit. As soon as the latter are hired, they pay their tavern bill out of their advance of wages; and on their return from sea spend at the same tavern the money they have earned during the voyage. Then credit again succeeds to ready money; and this goes on until a wave off Cape Horn, or a tropical squall, puts an end to these alternate days of dearth and abundance. It is in these taverns that the masters of vessels recruit their crews; and to the landlord of one of them was Jean Guichard recommended by the con-

ducteur of the diligence in which he had travelled to Havre.

"As a measure of precaution, Matthew was provisionally locked up in a room, with grated windows and door of massive oak, which was not opened till the next morning at nine o'clock.

"There is the lad," said Jean Guichard, as he entered, to a short, squat, muscular, red-nosed man, who accompanied him.

"Is that he?" said the stranger; 'why he is not fit to light the pipe of my cabin boy.'

"But you promised me, Captain—"

"Yes, and I will keep my promise. The wind is fair; we sail at eleven, and it is now nine. Come, my lad, get under weigh, and follow in my wake. Thou hast a rare character from thy father, and thy back shall soon become acquainted with a good rope's end."

"Matthew readily understood what was in reserve for him. He calculated with marvellous rapidity the chances of escaping, or of successfully opposing his father's will; but, finding the odds against him, he quietly resigned himself to his fate.

"Come, Matthew," said Jean Guichard, 'embrace thy old father. Behave thyself well, correct thy errors, and we shall meet again, boy.'

"Never!" replied Matthew, drawing back from the paternal embrace, and whistling a tune with the utmost *nonchalance*, as he followed the captain.

"But if he were never to return!" thought Jean Guichard. 'Bah! a stray pigeon always returns to the dove-cot.'

"Nevertheless, Jean Guichard was very sad for a long time after his son's departure."

## CHAPTER II.

"Meantime, five days had elapsed since the *Charming Louisa*, a brig of 180 tons burthen, bound to Pernambuco, had left Havre, bearing off the only son and heir of the Guichard family.

"This individual, the type and prototype of the Parisian populace, so astonished at every thing, was astonished at nothing, because he found analogies everywhere. When a sailor, pointing to the main top, said to him, 'Parisian, could you get up there?'—Matthew replied, with a look of contempt, 'That's nothing new! I have climbed a thousand times a *mat de saouage*, rubbed with soap, which is more difficult than to climb with the aid of those ropes. So saying, he mounted to the main top with the agility of a squirrel, and without passing through lubber's hole, he then descended by the mainstay, as proud as a merry-andrew.

"What lies his father has been telling me," said the captain, seeing Matthew's address; 'why the lad is not so bad, after all.'

"The breeze was stiff, and the swell rather strong. The sailors expected to see Matthew's stomach turned inside out. No such thing. The Parisian was not at all sick; he nibbled his biscuit, tore his salt junk with his teeth, drank two rations of wine, because he stole one from a sailor belonging to his mess, then went upon the fore-castle to smoke his pipe.

"Has the motion of the vessel no effect upon you?" said an old sailor, who expected not only to laugh at the contortions of the Parisian during his sickness, but to drink his wife for him when he should be too ill to notice it.

"That's nothing new!" boldly replied Matthew. 'I have played too often at balancing in the Champs-Elysees, and rode too often upon the Russian swing, for that to have any effect upon me.'

"This answer was accompanied with clouds of smoke, which, for an instant, concealed everything around from the Parisian. When the smoke disappeared, the smiling face of the captain met his eye. The latter had heard what had passed.

"Positively," said he, 'the father is an old fool,' then addressing Matthew, 'From this day, lad, thou art no longer a cabin-boy, but a foremast man.'

"As you please," replied Matthew, with indifference.

"The next day the captain, who had an eye to everything, perceived that the sailors of the watch went together below; and listening at the hatchway, he heard a violent dispute.

"The rascal," exclaimed several voices, 'has been put before the mast. It is unjust to flog him in this way. He shall be keel-hauled.'

"I shall, if you are bent upon it," replied the Parisian with the most determined coolness, 'but I will be revenged. I am alone, it is true; but no matter—woe to him that presumes to touch me.'

"But, you rascal," said the orator of the crew, 'why did you presume not to be sea sick, and to go aloft as fast as we could? You know it was only to flatter the officers.'

"Yes," roared the others, in chorus, 'he did it on purpose.'

"Listen to me," said the Parisian: 'if any of you will fight me alone, let us each take one of those pointed irons (looking at two marine spikes), and we will see which is the best man.'

"Done!" replied the orator.

"The father decidedly deserves to be keel-hauled," thought the captain; 'the son is an excellent fellow.'

"The captain having interposed his authority, the dispute ended, but the fight took place in the evening, and the Parisian was the conqueror.

"From that day, nobody on board presumed to molest our hero, who enjoyed the esteem of his officers and the friendship of his comrades.

## CHAPTER III.

"Had the captain been endowed with the faculty of analysis, he certainly would have called it into action with regard to the character of Matthew Guichard. But the worthy man never analysed; he contented himself with beating the Parisian or overwhelming him with favours, according to his opinion of Matthew's deserts. Without amusing himself by tracing effects to causes, he appreciated only results; he made up his accounts, as he called it, and then paid the balance—kicks or halfpence, a bullet or a glass of grog, as might be.

"Meantime two years had expired, during which it is difficult to say whether the sum total was in favour of buffets or glasses of grog; for, in point of fact, our hero was neither better nor worse than at first—a young soul used to the parching atmosphere of Paris, becomes hardened, and preserves for ever the first impression.

"Thus Matthew had brought with him, and maintained that careless idleness, and that nervous and instantaneous activity which characterize his race. If there was anything laborious to do in fine weather, the Parisian was sluggish, lazy, and taciturn; but when the wind whistled and the thunder roared, it seemed as if the storm produced a reaction upon his irritable temperament, and centupled his strength and energy. In such times he was seen at the yard-arm in the post of danger, as cool and steady as an old sailor. But when the fine weather returned, he sunk into his former apathy, and became what he was before—what a Parisian always is and always will be—lazy, insolent, fond of bantering, because he possessed the vivacious and picturesque spirit of the Parisian populace, and cunning because he was not strong, although by his *gab* (let us be pardoned this vulgarity, for it alone can convey the meaning) he had gained a wonderful ascendancy over the crew, and even the captain himself.

"No matter whether the Parisian was put in irons, sent up the shrouds, or started with a rope's end, he lost not a single joke, nor a single mouthful, nor was his sleep a wink less sound. He would take off every body; the captain first, with his hoarse voice, his half-closed eye, and his favourite oath. The grey great coat and the oilskin hat were alone wanting to make the portrait perfect. Then the head cook had his turn; his twisted leg and stupid stuttering were hit off with exquisite facility.

"Then came the lachrymation songs, and the romances, and fragments of comedies, melodramas, and comic operas, which Matthew gave out in broad and characteristic declamation, imitating the gestures and voices of the favourite Parisian actors.

"Nobody could resist Matthew's fun. Everything was forgotten in listening to him;—the helmsman steered wrong, nobody slept on board, the hammocks were deserted, and the open and simple countenances of the sailors might be seen, crouched in a circle around him, listening with imperturbable gravity to his readily-coinced and most monstrous lies.

"As for Matthew, he continued to be astonished at nothing. The sailors had anticipated much from the effect which the sight of negroes, and palm trees, and sugar canes, and many things beside, would produce upon him. All this, however, had no effect. The eternal 'that's nothing new,' disconcerted all their hopes. Matthew had seen negroes at Robinson, palm trees at the Jardin des Plantes, had bought sugar cane on the Pont Neuf, and had actually made a cup from a cocoa-nut shell for his mistress. What was to be done with so encyclopaedical an organization? Be silent and admire; and that is what the crew did.

## CHAPTER IV.

"It was on a Sunday. The *Charming Louisa*, generally employed in voyages to the West Indies, had, on this occasion, been freighted for Cadiz, whither she carried Bordeaux wine, and was to bring back Sherry in return.

"The Parisian, surfeited with the West Indies, was not sorry for the change; and no sooner was the brig safely moored alongside the quay than Matthew, at a single bound, found himself on shore, with thirty francs in his pocket, a small-crowned and wide-brimmed straw hat upon his head, decked out in a pair of white trousers and a blue jacket with anchor buttons. His shirt collar was fastened by a clasp of American berries, a love present from a lady of Martinique.

"The Parisian was endowed with a prodigious philological faculty. His process was simple, and it enabled him to solve every difficulty, without exception, of language or idiom.

"His method was, simply—whenever he asked an Englishman to direct him on his way, he would imitate, as nearly as he could, the ridiculous *patois* given to the English in the French plays. In addressing a German, his language underwent a slight modification, as it also did when he spoke to an Italian or an American. It is true that this method was not always successful; indeed, sometimes foreigners who would very probably have understood him had he addressed them in proper French, could not comprehend his jargon. This he attributed to obstinacy, ill-breeding, or national jealousy; and it must be confessed, that Matthew Guichard never experienced that embarrassment and timidity generally felt by a foreigner in a country whose language he does not understand.

"Thus the Parisian walked on with as firm a step, and as little concern as if he had studied for seven years the grammar of Rodriguez y Berna at Bajados or Toledo.

"As Matthew advanced, the *coup d'œil* pleased him. That animated multitude, those picturesque costumes, the men with small hats and long brown cloaks, the women with satin or silk shoes, those small feet, short petticoats, dresses fitting closely to the shape, and natural flowers scattered with so much

taste among their dark and luxuriant hair—their gait, in short their walk, their *salero*,—all this excited the ardent attention of our hero, who mentally compared these beauties to the women of colour in the West Indies.

"As he passed by a flight of steps leading to the ramparts, he lifted up his eyes and perceived a female near the top, ascending the remaining steps with great rapidity. This rapid ascent enabled him to perceive a beautifully moulded Andalusian foot and ankle, which induced him to run up the steps himself, and overtake the fair lady who displayed such charms. As he possessed much more assurance than timidity, he, with great familiarity, approached the young girl—for she was a young girl, and a very pretty one too—and looking in her face, said, in a kind of French *patois*, which he made to resemble Spanish in sound as much as possible, 'Spanish girl, you are very beautiful.' The young girl blushed, smiled, and doubled her pace.

"Where the devil did I learn Spanish?" ejaculated the Parisian, certain of having been understood, and following with eager steps his new conquest.

"Just opposite to the Custom House, the lady descended, turned her head, looked at the Parisian, crossed the little square de la Torre, and entered an adjoining street.

"The Parisian, animated, exalted to enthusiasm, and delighted with his conquest, eagerly followed. He was just about to cross the street, when he heard a religious chant, and saw a long file of penitents issue from a neighbouring street. At the head of the procession were borne lanterns, next banners, relics, shrines, and flowers, followed by the Host. Next came the governor. In short, this was a solemn procession to ask Heaven for a little rain; for the drought was frightful in the year 1829.

"The Parisian, instead of joining the multitude, uttered a dreadful oath, for the procession stopped the way, and he trembled lest he should lose sight of the black-eyed Andalusian girl. The populace bared their heads at the first sound of the rattle carried by a white monk, who led the way. But our friend Matthew kept his hat upon his head, raised himself on tip-toe, stretched out his neck, shaded his eyes with his hand, and saw nothing—neither the black mantle, nor the blue and white violets at the side of a head adorned with shining ebony hair. A grey monk approached, bearing a lantern, on the glass of which were painted figures of men in the midst of flames. He pointed to these figures with one hand, and with the other presented a money box for the souls in purgatory.

"Every body knelt; some gave money, others, in whispers, pointed out the Parisian, who was leaning upon the back of the lanterned monk, and endeavouring thereby to raise himself, so that he might try to discover his fair Andalusian.

"At this moment a splendid shrine of gold, set with jewels, which contained the arm of St. Sereno, excited the general attention and respect of the multitude. Our hero alone, who had remained standing, interrupted the general silence by one of those cries peculiar to the populace of Paris, which are sometimes heard at the theatres of the Boulevards. The fact is, he thought he distinguished the black mantle and the blue and white violets, and he uttered a cry of recognition after his own fashion.

"This savage, guttural, and sacrilegious cry, made every one look up; and when it was seen that the Parisian had remained standing, with his hat on, before the arm of St. Sereno, there arose a murmur of indignation,—it was at first a low murmur, but it increased by degrees, like a storm getting to its climax, and when an air of impudent and stern defiance was assumed by the Parisian, it burst forth with frightful energy. In the meantime the Host was advancing, with its fringes of gold reflecting the ardent beams of the sun, its waving plumes, and the voices of the monks of La Merced vigorously accentuating the beautiful poetry of the Bible. Time pressed;—the rash Parisian was determined in his resistance. He held his hat upon his head with both hands, and swore, with hideous blasphemies, that no one had a right to make him kneel against his will.

"The Host was close by; and a struggle having commenced between an athletic Andalusian and our friend Matthew, the latter sprung back to avoid a blow and fell at the feet of the Archbishop, who was behind him, and accidentally received a rude shock. On seeing this, the multitude cried out, Sacrilege! Impiety! Down with the Frenchman! The tumult became dreadful, and, in spite of the intervention of the prelate, knives were drawn, and — but we draw a veil over the horrible end of the Parisian.

"The French consul took up the matter, but as it was proved that the Parisian was the aggressor, the captain could obtain no redress.

"In bad weather the Parisian was not much regretted. But when the sea was calm, and the *Charming Louisa* performing quietly her six knots with a steady breeze, something was found wanting to the comforts of the crew; and the sailors used to point with regret to a hencoop upon which the Parisian always seated himself to tell his wonderful stories.

"Ever since his death this hencoop has been held sacred; and an artist among the crew has carved upon it two anchors, surmounted by a tobacco-pouch, and bearing the following motto, 'Parisian, how thou didst make us laugh!'

"When Jean Guichard heard of his son's death, he wept a great deal, but at length consoled himself with the idea that Matthew had died neither a macaroni priest nor a Jesuit."

M. DOUVILLE'S AFRICAN TRAVELS.—The Foreign Quarterly Review clearly demonstrates that the great



est part of M. Douville's Travels are apocryphal; that he never could have visited the places he pretends to describe; and that nearly the whole is a tissue of error and misrepresentation, either invented or founded on the reports of traders and itinerants upon the coast. All that is new seems to be a complete imposition, and the old to be made up from Bowdich and Portuguese missionary publications.

## THE PENSIONER OF WATERLOO.

"Ah! well I recollect the time,  
'Twas in the glorious sunshine prime,  
'Twas in the month of June,  
A soldier's coat I first put on,  
First gloried in a soldier's gun,  
And march'd to gallant tune,  
Merrily, merrily march'd we, then,  
A thousand brave and happy men.  
  
Happy, and brave, and young, and gay,  
When'er we went, 'twas holiday;  
And crowds came forth to see;  
Bright eyes their sweetest glances cast  
On each gay soldier as he past;  
And joyous men were we;  
Their prayers pursued us to the main,  
We now were on the route to Spain.  
  
A thousand gallant hearts were we,  
As ever pour'd their life-blood free,  
Or cross'd the salt-sea foam  
To battle—as 'twas right we should,  
To scorn the tempest, fire, and flood,  
And die to save our Home;  
A very worthy deed, I was,  
To die for such a home as this.  
  
When victory sat upon our swan's,  
How gratitude made knights and lords,  
And towns flared up in light!  
Worth, honour, praise, all were shed,  
Like rain, upon each noble head,  
For such a glorious fight—  
We, all the while, who struck the blow,  
Had nothing but our wounds to show.  
  
We fought in every field of fame,  
Like blood-hounds, staunch upon the game;  
The eagle quail'd at us,  
Death, like a mower, o'er us stood,  
And victory held the feast of blood,  
It was a rich reward,  
And then rose up a wild halloo—  
'Twas England shouting, Waterloo!  
  
A thousand gallant souls were we,  
When first we crossed the rolling sea—  
As buoyant as its waves;  
Five hundred soldiers nobly slain,  
Fell the wild winds of France and Spain,  
Or filled their Flemish graves—  
Tired, wounded, sick,—a gloriously faded,  
One hundred sought their native land,  
  
Honours and rich rewards are mine,  
A medal on my breast to shine,  
It plays a gallant part—  
And seems my very heart to goad—  
When scraping dirt from off the road,  
Or yoked in Quarry-cart—  
I, who have toiled, and fought, and bled,  
Am doom'd to earn my human bread!  
  
My pension—for our grateful land  
Pours bounty with unquench'd hand,  
And scatters all her hoard—  
Six pence a day is all she gives,  
How merry an old soldier lives—  
Go, ask the Parish board,  
It swears it the hour 'tis due—  
A glorious fight was Waterloo!"

ANECDOTES OF BIRDS.  
REASONING FACULTIES OF ANIMALS.

That animals possess the faculty of reasoning, and are not solely guided by instinct, is the opinion of many British as well as foreign naturalists, and numerous facts corroborative of this doctrine may be found scattered throughout their works;—doubtless a more enlarged acquaintance with and a stricter attention to, their habits would still further strengthen and confirm this hypothesis.

The sagacity of the beaver, the cunning of the fox, the polity of the bee, the industry of the ant, &c. &c. are so obvious to the most superficial observer as to have become proverbial; and amongst the volatile tribes, instances of foresight and reasoning are often displayed, wholly unaccountable on the principle of mere blind instinct. To this purpose, an American naturalist (Dr. Steel) mentions the sagacity of the swallows frequenting the banks of the Saratoga, [I] which often alter the construction of their nests according to circumstances, in order to secure their young from the depredation of their natural enemies; and an instance of equal, if not greater, sagacity in this tribe of volatiles, I myself witnessed in the south of Scotland several years ago. The spring had been uncommon mild, and the congregation of swallows in the vicinity of the Cheviot was greater than had ever been observed by the oldest inhabitant of this border district. Numerous flocks of them might be seen constructing their nests underneath the straw-thatched eaves of the barns and farmsteads on the Kale and the Beaumont. The ancient straggling mansion of Thirlstone seemed in particular to be one of their favourite resorts; the walls were thickly studded with their nests, and two were even attached to the upper corners of one of the bed-room windows. An unusual commotion amongst this feathered community one morning attracted the notice of the family while seated at breakfast, and led to the discovery, that the two nests within the reach of the house-maid's broom had been swept away.

Throughout the early part of the day the birds congregated in great numbers on a dilapidated shed in the rear of the house, and by their incessant chattering and agitation seemed to be engaged in deep consultation. Towards noon, however, the noisy concave broke up, when the bereaved pairs immediately

recommenced their labours at an angle of the roof farthest from the insecure site they had before chosen. The necessity for despatch was doubtless urgent, as the breeding season was near at hand; and in this emergency they were not left unaided by their companions, since six, sometimes eight, were seen flying backwards and forwards, and poising themselves on the edge of the overhanging roof, loaded with materials, while as many as could find room assisted in the building operations.

Without entering on the disputed point, whether the lower order of animals, even admitting them to be endowed with a certain portion of reason, are, or are not, capable of transmitting their individual acquisitions to their species, it seems at least sufficiently evident in the above instance, that the swallows not only communicated a knowledge of their wants and feelings to each other, but profited by the united experience and assistance of their kind.

But, however this may be, I have widely deviated from my purpose, which was merely to recount what appeared to me a striking instance of reasoning in the common sparrow.

The day of the opening of the London Bridge was a day of jubilee to the flocks of those little familiars in the outskirts of the metropolis, owing to the almost total desertion of the streets and squares by people of every rank and degree who had hurried to witness that splendid spectacle.

A few of them from the adjoining garden, that usually pick up in haste and on the wing the crumbs that I am in the daily habit of throwing to them from the breakfast-table, emboldened by the absence of all bustle, alighted fearlessly on the pavement, and soon devoured their allowance, except a hard crust about the size of a walnut, which resisted their united efforts to reduce it to fragments.

As I stood watching their proceedings, they one by one flew off, with the exception of a single bird, which continued its efforts for some time longer. After a while, however, even its patience failed, and it hopped to the edge of curb-stone, apparently about to take flight after its companions, when suddenly, as if actuated by some new idea, it returned, took up the hard-hearted crust in its bill, and flying towards the kennel immersed it in a little puddle of stagnant water. Thus softened, the sagacious little creature brought it back to the pavement, and readily succeeded in picking it to pieces.

A. C. HALL.

## THE FIRST DEBT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

"Maurice was a young man who had a thousand times stood on the brink of the abyss, but had never been engulfed. The idol of the saloons, where his opinion was law, Maurice, the penniless Maurice, was, even in this money-hunting age, the admiration of all the women, and the envy of all the men. But this fortune was too good to last. Destiny had in store for him some bitter moments, and when misfortunes pressed heavily upon him, he yielded to their force.

One day, after an animated conversation with a young lady, who had come a hundred miles to see him for two days only, she took a pocket-pistol from under his pillow, and placing it against his forehead, exclaimed, "'Tis exactly the length! I have a strange inclination. Remember, sir, if ever you betray me, you shall die by this."

Maurice was a liberal, and yet, although a liberal, he was admitted to all the aristocratic assemblies in the Faubourg St. Germain. There was but one house where he did not visit. He waltzed twice with a rich widow, who was intimate with the family, and the next day received the following note:—

"Madame de Maunoir presents her compliments to Monsieur Maurice St. Georges, and will be happy to see him on Monday evening, 20th January, 1829."

This note was in a lady's hand writing, upon gilt-edged paper, and exhaled all the perfumes of Arabia. At any other time our liberal would perchance have noticed this remarkable attention, but at the present moment his mind was otherwise occupied. He had just parted with his mistress, who was obliged to return into the country. He did not observe that Madame de Maunoir had been a very fine woman, he merely thought that she was so no longer. As to her character, we may deduce it from this history.

Maurice finished by accommodating himself to the lady, and in a short time became an indispensable guest.

One stormy evening he was sitting side by side with Madame de Maunoir. The weather was dreadful, one of those wintry nights when home seems doubly delightful. The baroness's drawing-room was furnished with every thing that art could supply. The thick and noiseless carpet, the velvet cushions, the well-stuffed ottoman, and the tremulous and flickering light of the or-molu lamp, all conspired to produce in the youth that state of mind and body so favourable to all the softer emotions of our souls. But amidst all this splendour, all this comfort, Maurice thought not of himself, not of the baroness, but of Elvira, of his own Elvira, whom he loved so dearly, and regretted sincerely. Suddenly the storm, the rain, the fire, and the remembrance of his mistress, all became mixed and associated in his active brain. He did not sleep, but could not be said to be awake; he was plunged into a delicious reverie, in that kind of half-existence, where imagination takes the place of reason, and the soul, freed as it were from a part of its earthly dross, seems to throw off the world and its earthly cares, and to admit glimpses of its future immortality. The silver chime of the time-piece announced midnight. Maurice started at the sound; arose—saluted the

baroness, and departed. When he reflected on the silent scene of that evening, he seemed to have a faint recollection that love had been spoken of, that vows and promises of affection had been exchanged. He thought he had been dreaming of his Elvira. But the voice recalled not to him those silvery tones, every vibration of which had used to thrill through his bosom. He laughed at what he called his foolish dream. It was not a dream!

Between this evening and the dark moment of Maurice's history, several months elapsed,—I, who knew him personally, would here willingly resign my pen. The unfortunate youth was overwhelmed with debts. Some delay in his usual allowance had first obliged him to anticipate his income. Debts are in a man circumstances, what vices are in the character; one becomes the fruitful source of innumerable others. Maurice had never been disgracefully profligate.—Pride, that source of so much that is good and bad in our character, had always hitherto preserved him. It was not the fear of want, or the dread of destitution that withheld him, but a determination never to lower himself in the eyes and opinion of the world. The moment, however, was arrived, when his resources were no longer equal to his wants, and he found himself on the point of suffering that humiliation which he had so long avoided.

In this extremity, he one morning shut himself up in his room, balanced his accounts, and found himself minus 3000 francs. The sum to him was considerable, but as he was not deficient in energy, he did not despair. An old friend of his father had often desired him to apply to him case of need; he did so. The candour with which he disclosed his situation, and admitted his errors, the promises he made of amendment, of separating himself from the world, and retiring into the country, gained the heart of his father's friend. He treated him as a returning penitent son, furnished him with the necessary sum in bank-notes, talked over his future prospects, and advised his immediate departure from Paris. There was something so cordial in his manners, so affectionate in his advice, that Maurice's self-love was in no way hurt. He took up the notes, put them in his pocket without counting, thanked his generous friend and departed.

Maurice was joyous as an infant; "a good day's work," said he to himself, "and to night the first ball this season at Madame de Maunoir's. It must be my first and my last. A year in the country and I shall return quite fresh. I shall go and live somewhere near my dear Elvira. I shall see her more frequently and be as happy as a prince." In this disposition Maurice advanced forming plans for the future, which were never to be realized; and in the same frame of mind he reached the baroness's house.—There, in one evening, he forgot all his prudent resolves. He found such charms in faces languid from a season's pleasures. He loved so much to gaze upon those graceful necks and shoulders, that dazzling as alabaster, and warmed by exertion, reflected the rays of the lamps like watered marble. He was all joy—all pleasure; he was madly happy. His blood rushed through his veins like a torrent. One might have said he was *ecstasy*, so anxious did he seem to make the most of his short existence. He crossed the card-room without stopping. Some one pushed against him: it was the baroness. "You have scarcely spoken to me to-night," said she: "as a punishment, come and make one at my table." Excited as he was by the dance, unsuspicious as an infant, and full of his recent success, he followed the baroness, saying to himself, like a fool, "that pleasures, like misfortunes, never come singly."

He had changed one of his notes in the morning, and had fifteen louis remaining. He laid down five, and lost,—he doubled his stake, and lost again. His fifteen Napoleons were gone. In the momentary impatience excited by his loss, he thrust his hand into his pocket. He met with what, at such an hour is seldom parted with,—the packet of notes he had received in the morning, which he had been unlucky enough to put into the pocket of his dress-coat. The touch electrified the unfortunate youth,—the blood rushed to his head. "Will you have your revenge?" "With pleasure, madam," and he flung upon the table a bank-note. It shared the fate of his former stakes. He rose up, and cast his eyes round the room.

A circle had been gradually formed round the players. There were young women there, aye, very young women, who having run the round of pleasure, and found its amusements no longer excite, had come to the card-table to raise agreeable emotions in themselves, by witnessing the sufferings of others. There were old women also in abundance, creatures much better acquainted with Hylee than their Bible, who with one foot already in the grave, still hovered about the carte-table, identified themselves with the players, and grew alternately pale at their losses, and smiling at their gains. There were also plenty of men, titled aristocrats, earls, marquises, and lords; some few intent upon the game, but the greater part more agreeably occupied in admiring themselves, twisting their moustaches, and quizzing the ladies.

Maurice seated himself a second time at the table; he flung down a note, and again he lost.

During this time, the dancing continued,—the rattling sound of light feet, the joyous bursts of laughter, the inspiring notes of the music, the hum of conversation, and the constant chinking of gold, all assisted to raise in Maurice that excited and feverish state, which, however pleasurable at night, must, the following morn, be repented of in sack-cloth and ashes. Maurice lost his presence of mind. "If I lose all," thought he, "I must blow out my brains." He compressed his lips, and drew from his pocket the three remaining

notes. He uttered not a word, but with a steady hand and fixed eye, placed them as a stake on the table. The baroness won. "My dear," said the young countess, "it's a pity he's gone. He's quite interesting." "Yes," replied the other, "he is a good loser; but did you observe his eyebrows?" "No." "Oh! by all means, come and see them;" and off they all went, for Maurice had become an object of curiosity. The elder ladies remained with the baroness to congratulate her, and count over her winnings. She sat there apparently as unmoved as when she began, but an accurate observer would have perceived traces of an emotion stronger than what first met the eye.

As to Maurice, when he reached the dancing-room, he eagerly engaged a partner, and joining a gallopade which had just commenced, he hurried her round the room with such impetuosity, that had he made a false step, the poor girl must have met with some serious accident. Twice did she intreat him to stop: he either heard her not, or, if he did, paid no attention. He was the like man described by the English poet, who, to escape from his agonizing reflections, galloped at full speed in one hour, over thirty miles of difficult and dangerous road, and who, when his horse drooped from fatigue, continued spurring the jaded animal, till he himself swooned with the exertion. Maurice finally took back his trembling partner to her seat.—He left the ball-room, rushed home as if pursued by the demons of hell, retired, not to rest, but to reflection, and towards morning fell asleep.

When he awoke the sun was high in the heavens, the streets were filled with busy citizens. He turned from the window. The careless happiness of the passers-by, seemed an aggravation of his own misery. He began to reflect on the events of the past night. The idea that first struck his mind was his utter ruin; the second, his determination to die! He reviewed his circumstances in the hope, aye, the ardent hope, of finding some means of escaping from the abyss into which he had fallen. Again and again did he turn and re-turn in his own mind the resources he could command. Alas! no means of escape presented itself. He could not deceive himself. His father, a man in straitened circumstances, had already incomed himself to supply his extravagancies at Paris. Besides his father was too distant—as to his friends, they were none of them rich,—and if he could borrow from them, must, one day or other, be repaid.—"Death," said he aloud, "Death alone remains;" and the firm tone in which he spoke, was sufficient proof that he seriously contemplated carrying it into effect. "But will that pay my debts?" "No; and shall I follow the steps of those cowards who get themselves into difficulties, and satisfy their creditors by blowing out their brains? Never. I have courage to quit this life, but not dishonoured."

In the midst of this dreadful incertitude, a letter arrived. He broke the seal and read it, without casting his eyes on the direction. It was a note from the baroness, requesting him, if disengaged, to spend the evening with her. Maurice had forgotten the baroness, or, if he thought of her, it was merely to curse her, as the person who had done him an irreparable wrong. He tore letter into fragments, stamped upon them with the heel of his boot, and exclaimed with an ironical smile, "To take tea with her at eleven. It not too fatigued after the ball, to go again to that infamous hell." The last part of the sentence he uttered in a different tone of voice, and, apparently, with a different feeling; for, after a few minutes, he dressed himself, left his room, and advanced with hasty steps towards the Faubourg St. Germain.

During two days and two nights, Maurice was absent from his lodging.

On the third morning he returned, and what was very unusual with him, very early. His face pale, his eyes heavy, and his whole appearance giving evidence of some inward sorrow, that contradicted the resolved and calm expression of his countenance.

He drew from his pocket several notes, besides gold and silver. He counted it over,—laid aside five notes of 500 francs each,—wrapped them up in a cover wrote a few lines, and directed them. He then turned to the loose money, which he divided into several sums, sealed up carefully and directed.

He next proceeded to ransack his drawers, took out all the papers and burnt them, without examination. But when he came to a small secret drawer, a visible emotion agitated his countenance. He pushed the spring with a trembling hand, and drew forth a small packet of letters, written in a lady's hand, upon embossed paper. He read them all carefully,—not a turn, not an expression escaped him,—he kissed the packet, and replaced it in the secret drawer. Scalding tears began to roll down his cheeks.

At last Maurice arose, and seized one of his pistols. It was a splendid weapon of foreign manufacture. The very same his mistress had playfully laid upon his forehead, when she prophetically told him his first infidelity should be punished by it. He rammed down the pistol with part of a letter which he had laid aside for the purpose. He placed the pistol, uttered the name of Elvira, and in a moment had ceased to live.

The porter at the hotel heard the explosion, and upon bursting open the door, the unfortunate youth was found extended on the bed, one arm resting on the ground, and the yet smoking pistol at some paces from him. The ball had passed through the brain. He was already lifeless. On the table were found the fragments of a letter, apparently from the baroness, enclosing a check on her banker, recapitulating, in no very delicate terms, the pleasures of their last interview, and anticipating the delights of the succeeding.

Whilst the commissary of police was making his

deposition, of the state in which he found the body, a letter arrived by the post for the deceased. It was opened, and added to the *protes verbal* of his suicide. This letter contained, in the most obliging terms, the offer of a loan. If it had arrived a few hours sooner, it would, probably, have saved the youth from an untimely fate, and restored him to his friends, perhaps, a useful and worthy member of society.

### THE CONSTELLATION.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 13, 1832.

#### CHEAP BOOKS, AND THE DIFFUSION OF LITERATURE.

Among the effects of the revolutions of moral and political society during the last fifty years, perhaps the most extraordinary feature is that of the diffusion of literature. In the days immediately preceding our own, the man who had read Fielding and Smollet, or the woman who had studied Richardson, was supposed to possess all that was necessary of the knowledge of society, and forming their minds on the principles there exhibited, had merely to avoid the evil, to deserve the good. Experience has, however, taught us that this alone was not sufficient; our obligations to the early writers are, notwithstanding, infinitely greater than we imagine; for the impetus given to the human mind by their productions lighted up for us the path which has opened upon us the flood-gates of literature and science.

Nor have we awarded our predecessors in literature more than their deserts; for knowledge is of so ennobling a character, that the more we know, the more we want to know; and these men, in first exhibiting some of the effects which knowledge would produce, are entitled to our highest praise; for, without their exertions in modelling the minds of the people of their days, we, as their successors, might still be conning dry tomes and dusty folios of mere abstract speculations and chimerical philosophy. But the ball once started, the progress was "onward and still onward," and society will now admit of only two divisions—those who read, and those who do not! Of the latter, we are willing to believe the number is comparatively few, for who in these days will bear the badge of ignorance, or refuse the interchange of mental currency with the men who have preceded us in truth and wisdom! As the effects of this outpouring of knowledge, we have our Newspapers, and Magazines, and Libraries, and Athenaeums, and Public Lectures, and Philosophical Societies, and meetings for scientific information and encouragement, and for the diffusion of whatever may be conducive to our national or domestic comfort and happiness.

The advantages we possess over those who have preceded us are immense; for such is the philanthropy of Literature, that some of the greatest minds of the present day, have adapted the effects of their experience and knowledge to the more humble capacities of their fellow men, whom they have labored to raise to a mental rank with themselves. Knowing, as they do, that knowledge is power, they have combated with the superstitions of barbarous times, when information was held to be a dangerous instrument in the hands of the multitude; and have nobly pressed forward, with the declaration "that henceforth no man shall die for lack of knowledge!"

Let us notice some of the effects of this powerful change in the condition of human society. It has decreased crime! and man, if not wholly virtuous, is at least ashamed of vice!—It has, wherever it has reached, abolished superstition, that vampire of the uneducated mind!—It has subdued the passions of man by pointing out his moral obligations to that society of which he forms a link!—It has removed the inequalities of fortune, and wresting the sceptre from the grasp of despotism, has proclaimed, that "in the sight of heaven all men are equal!" and that ignorance and its associate crime are the only separations between man and man!

We have been led to these remarks by an advertisement in a Philadelphia paper (Sat. Courier), from which we learn that a Mr. Waldie has commenced a condensed edition of interesting and useful works, in the standard and floating literature of the day. Mr. W. proposes to give the bulk of *Fifty volumes for Five dollars*—and to forward the same in octavo size, embracing 3 columns on a page, as fast as published, through the medium of the Post office, at the trifling extra charge of 2 1-2 cts. each number; by which arrangement the subscriber will receive, for the sum of 37 1-2 cts. only, works which have hitherto been issued at \$1.25 and \$1.50.

We have heretofore considered the publication prices of literature in this country as very moderate, but to parties residing at a distance from the places of publication, and who have been obliged to wait for the opportunity of their transmission, and which was attended with a heavy additional expense, the disadvantage has hitherto been considerable; but the arrangement of publication and transmission, as proposed by Mr. Waldie, will place the work in the pos-

session of every subscriber, however distant his location, almost before the volume could be received from the binder.

The whole edition will be comprised in 52 numbers, and embrace the "best Novels, Memoirs, Tales, Travels, Sketches, Biography, &c." which have hitherto appeared, or that may hereafter be published, together with an occasional reprint from works which have received the stamp of merit.

We feel convinced that all heads of families, reading societies, libraries and individuals, who regard literature in its true light, will come forward, and by their individual and relative exertions, remove from the mind of Mr. Waldie any shadow of apprehension of a want of support.

#### STREET PETITIONS.

"And your petitioners will ever—*beg*."

Among the annoyances incidental to a populous and thriving city, the most unpleasant to the man of business habits, is the intrusion on his time by individuals of that fraternity which has been not inaptly termed "street solicitors." This evil has been principally confined to the European cities; within the last 12 or 18 months, however, the system has been gradually developing in our country; and, from the repeated instances that have occurred within our own knowledge since December last, we feel called to notice this species of nuisance by the declaration that one of the surest methods of establishing pauperism is indiscriminate relief!

In illustration of this principle we have merely to refer to the system pursued by the professional beggars in London, in which city a "walk" or certain portion of the town including from 20 to 50 streets, is considered the *estate or private property* from which the supplicant derives his revenue and support; and in an estimate made by a writer on the London Police, it was stated that the *real roll* of such section of the metropolis would afford from *eight to ten shillings per day*, or about \$573.37 per annum—an income derivable wholly from the misplaced charity of the credulous and the impatient; for from the easily excited feelings of the unwary, it has generally happened that before the party supplicated has got through two lines of the petition, his hand is in his pocket and the supplicant is dispatched. Thus encouraged, the unprincipled petitioner pursues his course of idleness and vice; while it has been repeatedly proved, that the unfortunate of reputable character suffer because they will not descend to beggary.

Far be from us the wish to "steel the hearts" of the humane against the actual sufferers from ill-fortune; our object is to guard against imposition, and we would recommend to all our citizens who are called on for relief, to give temporary employment, rather than money; this will induce industry, and the indolent and worthless, when unsupported in their vicious principles, will find themselves obliged to labor, or make room for those who will.

We cannot conclude this article better than by repeating the declaration of a Boston paper (*Transcript*) in commenting on a case of the above description, that "the truly charitable will withhold their alms until they have ascertained the actual necessity of the petitioners."

HORBIANA.—Tom Hobbs once directing a letter to a person who lived in Massachusetts, instead of the usual abbreviation of the name of that state, wrote it out in full. A friend of Tom's standing by, observed that he should merely say *Mass*, to which Tom promptly replied, with a shrug of the shoulders, "I never say *Mass*."

Tom was sailing with a party last spring round Governor's Island, where they observed the new piers that were being built, belonging to the United States fortifications there. Says Tom to the company—"Why is General Jackson like the King of England?" No one being able to answer the enquiry—"Because," said Tom, "he is creating piers to produce a reform."

On the same expedition, they passed a vessel, in the stern of which was a dog yelping most vociferously. One of the company, not well skilled in nautical affairs, enquired the description of the vessel. "Why, don't you see," said Tom, "it is a *bark*!"

EXCEPTIONS.—Mr. J. who is a great admirer of female beauty, was lately describing the personal advantages of a young lady, a fellow passenger in the mail from P., and concluded by affirming that "she was the handsomest woman he ever saw!" As this declaration was made in the hearing of a lady of a "certain age," who had the happiness to be much disliked by all her acquaintance, and who prided herself on her imagined juvenile appearance,—she with some pique called Mr. J. to order in a dictatorial tone, adding, that it had always been customary in polite society to name the present company as "*excepted*." A good deal chagrined at this supposed depreciation of his fair *flammaria*, Mr. J. merely bowed, inwardly determining to check the vanity of his self-constituted

corrector. In the course of the evening an opportunity offered for his retaliation, for in expressing his dislike of some subject that had been named, he declared that it was the most disagreeable he ever knew, "that is," continued he, turning to his antagonist and pointedly bowing, the "*present company excepted*!"

REAL OR MOCK TURTLE.—When Matthews, the Comedian, was on his passage from Liverpool to this country, he observed on deck one day an Irishman, who was attentively regarding a pet turtle that belonged to one of the sailors. With that spirit of curiosity which is always on the look out for fun, Matthews approached the object of Pat's attention, when our Irishman, turning towards him, observed, "Faith, sir, and that's a curious bird!" "Bird?" said Matthews, "my good fellow, it's more of a fish." "A fish!" rejoined Pat, "well that's strange, by the powers!" "They call it turtle," continued the comedian. "O! is it turtle?" exclaimed Pat, "indeed, and I've heard of turtle;" (turning round to Matthews) "I beg your pardon, sir, but is this *real or mock* turtle."

#### THE DRAMA.

Park Theatre.—Although the Kembles have left us for a time, the Park is not without attractions of more than an ordinary character. Master Burke made his first appearance this season on Monday evening, as did Miss Clara Fisher. They were greeted with much applause by a very crowded house, and their performances on that and the succeeding evening were in their usual style of excellence. Favorites—as they justly are on our boards—there can be little doubt that the Theatre will be well attended during their engagement. To those who have never heard Master Burke's violin, we say—go—you have a treat in reserve greater probably than you have any idea of.

At the *Beverly*, although we have not had an opportunity of witnessing it, yet we have been informed there has been excellent playing, and Mr. Hamblin is exerting every nerve to keep up with the novelties elsewhere.

The *Bellevue Opera* opened on Saturday evening at the Richmond Hill Theatre with "Cenerentola." The Orchestra, it is universally conceded, is very superior to any we have ever previously had here—but a difference of opinion appears to exist among the critics in relation to the powers of the various performers. Some of them are undoubtedly very superior; the same excellence is not to be expected in a whole company—neither do we conceive a fair estimate of their talents can be formed, until they have time to become accustomed to the building, and the natural effect produced on every one on a removal to a strange and distant country from one's birth-place shall have worn off.

Drury Lane Theatre, London, will contain 2830 persons, in the following distribution: Boxes 1250, at 7s.; Pit 800, at 3s. 6d.; Lower Gallery 410, at 2s.; Upper Gallery 250, at 1s. A "full money" house will therefore produce £678 5s. or in American currency \$2881 11c.—a much larger amount than any of the Theatres in the U. States will hold. The estimate of nightly expenses at the above and at Covent Garden Theatre is averaged at £200 each; while at the Italian Opera in the Haymarket, a "good house" is estimated at £1500, and the expenses about £1000; these sums include the salaries of the performers, musicians, artists, rent, &c.

PAGANINI.—This worthy has rejected the liberal offer of 300 guineas (or \$1400) for two nights' fiddling at Vauxhall gardens, London; the gentleman modestly demanding 250 guineas for each performance. England complains of poverty, and yet permits an impudent violinist to bluster them out of an actual fortune, which we learn he has accumulated during his residence in that country. Such is the cupidity of this man, that when it was proposed to him to visit the U. S., on learning that the passage would occupy from four to seven weeks, he relinquished the idea, informing the parties that his time was equivalent to 100 guineas daily.

FARMER AND MECHANIC.—We have received the first number of a new journal published semi-monthly by L. R. Lincoln at Cincinnati. This paper it appears is edited by the "Secretary of the Hamilton County Agricultural Society." We were much pleased with the arrangement, and the contents are extremely interesting; and if continued on the plan of the first number, it will be a very valuable addition to the journals of that highly favored and improving city.

An Irish tailor who had made a gentleman's coat and waistcoat too small, had orders to take them home and let them out. Some days after, the gentleman enquiring for his garments, was told by the Irishman, that the coat and waistcoat happening to fit a countryman of his, he had let them out at eighteen pence a week.

Snuff Boxes.—A correspondent wishes to suggest to the ingenuity of our Eastern mechanics, the possibility of executing a substitute for the famous Lawrence-kirk & Cummooh Snuff Boxes; they are formed of a species of sycamore, extremely hard and light, but their excellence rests on the ingenuity of the binger, the pin which secures the same, being so admirably contrived, as to render it imperceptible. The Scotch manufacturers are so extremely jealous of their fame, that the secret of their finish is only known to one or two hands of the different factories.

We have just received from Messrs. Harper their edition of Paulding's "Westward Ho," forming the 25th No. of the "Library of Select Novels." We have only space this week to say the exalted reputation of the author is of itself sufficient to give currency to the work.

MARCH OF INTELLECT.—We are informed that there are now in actual use in the U. States—45 different kinds of Spelling Books—10 of Dictionaries—102 for reading and defining—33 of Arithmetic—48 of Grammar—33 of Geography—and 35 of History.

QUIBBLE'S LAST.—"When is a lawyer like a young crow?" said a punning barrister to Tom Quibble the other day. "When he's trying his first case," answered Tom.

On the wall of a house of three stories, situated at St. Germain on Laye, is the following inscription:—"Knock for the first floor, ring for the second, whistle for the third."

SEMITISM.—A trader at Great Falls publishes in the Great Falls Journal a *political* list of articles by him for sale. The advertisement concludes with the following truly beautiful and original distich:

"Sapient and subtle to solve the semitisms,  
And for the girls, I've got sense in them."

ORIGINAL DIALOGUE.—"Arrah, Teddy—ah! wasn't ye name Teddy O'Byrne, before ye left ould Ireland?"

"Sure it was, my darlint."

"But, my jewell—why then do ye add the z, and call it Teddy O'Byrnes, now?"

"Why, ye spalpeen! haven't I been married since I ken to America? and ar ye so ignorant of grammar, that ye don't know when one thing is added to another, it becomes plural?"—*Angeline Repert.*

YOUTHFUL INGENUITY.—We have amused ourselves for a moment with several numbers of a weekly print, of about two and a half inches in length by two in breadth, exhibiting the usual features of an agreeable miscellaneous sheet, and proposing to advertise for customers at the very moderate rate of two lines for a cent. It is appellation the "Village Post," and is the production of a lad of the name of Cannon, ten years of age, who resides in Guil in this state. But the typography of this *polite* Post is not the most remarkable fruit of the boy's ingenuity. There is no printing office in the town where he lives, and we have it from one who knows the young Franklin well, that the types, of lead, and the press, of wood, are entirely of his own manufacture, and the chief tools used in their construction was a common penknife. The press is large enough to receive an ordinary duodecimo page. Besides his weekly issue, little Cannon has printed and published "A Treatise on the Dog," 27 pages, ornamented with a large cut, which he carved out without any instructions, with the same implement of all work mentioned above.—*Boston Traveller.*

POTTER HEROISM.—At the storming of Warsaw, the principal battery was defended by only two battalions, but with such bravery as history can hardly parallel. When it was evident that it could no longer hold out, several privates of the artillery seated themselves on powder barrels and blew themselves up. But the conduct of Gen. Sowinski was truly heroic; having lost one foot, he was, at his earnest request, seated on a chair, and placed on the altar of the desperately defended church, where he continued to give orders until the last of his comrades was cut down, when, drawing forth two pistols, he with one shot a Russian who was rushing upon him, and, with the exclamation—"so dies a Polish general!" fired the other through his own heart.

A TROUBLE.—To have a man sit down by you, when you are busy, and sit—and sit—as though he never meant to rise.

STAMMERING, &c.—We are requested to remind those who need the services of Mr. KING, that his stay in this country is limited, and that application must be made by the first of November next. As Mr. K. has been completely successful in the Cure of Stammering, and all other impediments of speech, he will not expect to be remunerated until the pupil shall be satisfied.

The Institution is No. 7 Barclay st. New York.

SYLVESTER requests us to state, the \$10,000 prize in Wednesday's Lottery was sent from his office to Pittsburgh, Pa.; and it was only three weeks ago that Sylvester sold to Matthew Watson, Esq. the \$20,000 in a whole ticket.



## SUMMER'S GONE.

By Mrs. Norton.

Hark, through the dim woods dying,  
With a moan,  
Faintly the winds are sighing—  
Summer's gone!  
There, when my bruised heart feeleth,  
And the pale moon her face revealeth,  
Darkly my footsteps steal  
To weep alone.  
Hour after hour I wander,  
By men unseen—  
And sadly my wrong thoughts ponder,  
On what hath been,  
Summer's gone!

There, in our own green bowers  
Long ago,  
Our path through the tangled flowers  
Threading slow;  
Of hand in hand entwining—  
Of side by side reclining—  
We've watched in its crimson shining  
The sunset glow.  
Dimly the sun now burneth  
For me alone—  
Spring after spring returneth,  
Thou art gone,  
Summer's gone!

Still on my warm cheek playeth  
The restless breeze;  
Still in its freshness strayeth  
Between the trees,  
Still the blue streamlet gusheth—  
Still the broad river rusheth—  
Still the calm silence husheth  
The heart's disease:  
But who shall bring our meetings  
Back again?  
What shall recall thy greetings—  
Loved in vain!  
Summer's gone!

## THE GHOST EXTINGUISHED.

"In one of the baronial castles of the north which had been uninhabited for years, there were heard at times such extraordinary noises, as to confirm the opinion among the country people that the place was haunted. In the western tower an old couple were permitted to live, who had been in the service of the former lord, but so imbued were they with the superstitious of the country, that they never went to bed without expecting to hear the cries of the disturbed spirits of the mansion. An old story was current, that an heir apparent had been murdered by an uncle, that he might possess the estate, who, however, after enjoying it for a time, was so annoyed by the sounds in the castle, that he retired with an uneasy conscience from the domain, and died in France.

"Not many years ago, the property descended to a branch of the female line, (one of the heroes of Waterloo,) who, nothing daunted, was determined to make this castle his place of residence. As the noises were a subject of real terror to his tenantry, he formed the resolution of sleeping in the castle on the night he took possession, in order to do away these superstitious fears. Not a habitable room could be found, except the one occupied by the old gardener and his wife in the western turret, and he ordered his camp-bed to be set up in that apartment. It was in the autumn, at nightfall, that he repaired to the gloomy abode, leaving his servant, to his no small comfort, at the village inn; and after having found every thing comfortably provided, turned the large old rusty key upon the antiquated pair, who took leave of him, to lodge at a farm hard by. It was one of those nights which are checkered with occasional gleams of moonshine and darkness, when the clouds are riding in a high wind. He slept well for the two first hours: he was then awakened by a low mournful sound that ran through the apartments. This warned him to be up and accoutred. He descended the turret stairs with a brilliant light, which, on coming to the ground floor, cast a gigantic shadow of himself upon the high embattled walls. Here he stood and listened; when presently a hollow moan ran thro' the long corridor, and died away. This was followed by one of a higher key, a sort of scream, which directed his footsteps with more certainty to the spot. Pursuing the sounds, he found himself in the great hall of his ancestors, and vaulting upon the large oaken table, set down his lamp, and folding his cloak about him, determined to wait for the appearance of all that was terrible. The night which had been stormy, became suddenly still: the dark fitting clouds had sunk below the horizon, and the moon insinuated her silvery light through the chinks of the mouldering pile. As our hero had spent the morning in the chase, Morpheus came unbidden, and he fell asleep on the table. His dream was short, for close upon him issued forth the horrid groan: amazed he started up and sprang at the unseen voice, fixing with a powerful blow his Toledo steel in the arras. The blade was fast, and held him to the spot. At this moment the moon shot a ray that illumined the hall, and showed that behind the waving folds, there lay a cause concealed. His sword he left, and to the turret retraced his steps. When morning came, a welcome crowd greeting, asked if he had met the ghost? 'O, yes,' replied the

knight, 'dead as a door-nail behind the screen he lies, where my sword has pinned him fast; bring the wrenching bar, and we'll haul the disturber out.' With such a leader, and broad day to boot, the valiant throng tore down the screen where the sword was fixed; when lo! in a recess, lay the fragments of a chapel organ, and the square wooden trunks made for hallowed sounds were used as props, to stay the work when the hall was coated round with oak. The wondering clowns now laughed aloud at the mysterious voice. It was the northern blast that found its way through the crannies of the wall to the groaning pipes that alarmed the country round for a century past."—*Gardner's Mus. Nat.*

## LEXICOGRAPHY—DEFINITIONS.

A London paper presents the following as specimen of "Ponsonby's New Dictionary of the English Language." It is well known that definition is a very difficult art. If the examples now offered be fair specimens of all his attempts, the author must be allowed to have extraordinary qualifications for his undertaking. Whether an entire work will ever meet the enquirer's search, we cannot say.

"Abuse: the reward of the eminent and notorious.  
Advice: that which is given plentifully, but sparingly received.  
Advise: what no true friend hesitates to do.  
Allegory: an escape for a puzzled commentator.  
Beauty: on the continent, the mark of aristocratic birth; in Britain, the heir-loom of all classes.  
Bishops: a mark for every discontented writing.  
Blissfulness: not single.  
Books: depositories of the wisdom of every age.  
Cajoling: an art peculiarly practised by the candidates for the representations of a pot-walloping borough.  
Church Patrimony: an estate to which every man who chooses may bring up his son.  
Civility: that which costs nothing, yet buys every thing.  
Clergy: an order of men that went out of fashion about the same time that religion did.  
Coat: a covering—sometimes of broadcloth, sometimes of paint.  
Criticism: private malevolence under the cloak of public watchfulness.  
Dentist: a man who extracts groans.  
Digestion: a process equally necessary to the mind as to the body.  
Discretion: a great rarity.  
Doctors: necessary evils.  
Dress: the making of some men, as dandies and tailors.  
Early Rising: a bore, nevertheless the parent of success.  
Epanimity: a thing often lost, but seldom found.  
Ever: with divines and philosophers the whole of time, with coquettes a fortnight.  
Experience: that which no one will buy second-hand.  
Excuses: things easier found than remedies.  
Fame: the daughter of past disturbances, the mother of future.  
Friendship: not a mere name, as would be wits pretend.  
Good Manners: the desire of gratifying others without reference to ourselves.  
Grace: the result of an elegant mind acting upon matter.  
High Wind: when it blows so that the very stars can scarcely keep their places.  
History: a register of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind.  
Invective: a bait wherewith rabble are caught.  
Jealousy: folly.  
Junius: a riddle, very famous in a former generation.  
Legs: the arms of man.  
Love: that feeling which prompts us to desire the happiness of another.  
Logic: the rules by which we reason, as grammar contains those by which we speak.  
Luck: the last refuge of fools.  
Marriage: sometimes the grave of love.  
Memory: the fruit of attention.  
Modern Music: the art of executing difficulties.  
Novelty: a Frenchman's god.  
Nudity: an attire fashionable in the first and last ages of the world.  
Oasis: the truest of all similes.  
Original: nothing new.  
Original Writer: one who never borrows from others, and seldom from himself.  
Patience: a game; often played alone, yet generally lost.  
Patriotism: a sterling virtue, though scarce.  
Pedantry: the over-rating any kind of knowledge to which we pretend.  
Pen: the most effective of all weapons, it acting upon the mind as arms do upon the body.  
Perhaps: an excellent leading-string for weak assertions.  
Personalities: the resource of a baffled controversialist.  
Peers, otherwise Piers: blocks raised as a defence against a sudden storm.  
Posterity: those to whom we shall appear as indifferent as our progenitors do to us.  
Pride: the incentive of strong minds, the destruction of weak.  
Procrastination: a cancer of the soul.  
Punctuality: in public business a duty.  
Reading: the cheapest and most lasting of all pleasures.

Reform: that which is advocated in public, neglected in private life.  
Resolutions: those things which when bad we keep, when good we break.  
Romance: that which succeeds to the bread and butter of the nursery.  
Schoolmaster: formerly, one who was found at home; now, one who goes abroad.  
Self: the grand pursuit of half mankind.  
Solitude: agreeable enough—in imagination.  
Success: not the criterion of merit.  
Taste: the rule by which beauty is judged.  
Time: the wise man's treasure.  
Tongue: the only instrument which grows sharper by use.  
Trees: appendages to hedge-rows, as lamp-posts are to streets.  
True Knowledge: an acquaintance with things, not words.  
Vanity: the abortive illegitimate brother of Pride, whom he counterfeits.  
Unreality: ride Equanimity.  
Weather: a subject for conversation—by no means dry.  
Wise Woman: in English, a witch, in French, *une femme sage*.  
Wit: never defined, seldom understood.  
You: the reader."

WASHINGTON AND ERSKINE.—The following note was found among the papers of the late Lord Erskine: "To General Washington.—Sir:—I have taken the liberty to introduce your august and immortal name in a short sentence, which is to be found in the book I send to you.

I have a large acquaintance among the most valuable and exalted classes of men, but you are the only human being for whom I ever felt an awful reverence. I sincerely pray God to grant a long and serene evening, to a life so gloriously devoted to the universal happiness of the world.  
T. ERSKINE.  
London, March 15, 1797.

WASHINGTON Irving.—This distinguished individual arrived in this city on Thursday last, on his way, as we learn, to the Upper Mississippi. We feel ourselves honoured by the visit—we welcome him most heartily to Missouri, and we would indulge the hope that he may find in our Indian traditions some incidents which he may think entitled to a place in some future volume of his *Industrious Sketch Book*. Perhaps some warrior, in the far away West—Tecumseh or Black Hawk, may have their names and their achievements made immortal by the pen of the classic and illustrious Irving.—*St. Louis paper, Sept. 15th.*

A tulip called *Fanny Kemble*, was lately sold at Crofton to a florist in Chelsea for 100*l*. So great at one time was the tulip mania in Holland that 600*l*. has been given for a tulip, and a single root was considered an ample fortune for a young lady in marriage.—*Eng. pap.*

Diving.—We lately described an adventurer in a diving dress who was amusing himself with a walk at the bottom of the Thames, near Battersea Bridge; and we now see that by means of a similar apparatus, a party of men, under the direction of a Mr. Bell (Mr. Diving Bell he might be called,) are employed in recovering the remains of the Guernsey Lilly transport, which foundered in Yarmouth Roads, at the depth of forty three feet, thirty three years ago. The accounts from Yarmouth represent them as being very successful, descending in their caoutchouc dresses and metal head pieces, with tubes communicating to the surface, and remaining under water, *ad libitum*, to fish up stores and parts of the decayed vessel.—*London Paper.*

A magnificent glazed garden is now erecting at Brighton, the dome of which will be of greater diameter than that of St. Peter's at Rome, and in height sufficient for the growth of some of the loftiest trees of the eastern world.—*Eng. pap.*

After the abdication of Napoleon, the Empress Marie Louise appointed a distinguished Irishman, then in the service of her father of Austria, the Count Magawly, as her *Vice-Regent*, and Minister for the Duchies of Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla, which situation the Count filled much to the satisfaction of the people of those states, until he returned to his native country about eight or nine years since. The Count married the Marchioness of Ceratti, an Italian lady of high family, by whom he has two sons. The Count Magawly has resided on his paternal estate, Temora, near Frankfort, which town is also his property, in the King's county, until very recently, when he let his mansion and demesne, and joined the Marchioness in Italy, where she has been sojourning for the last two years. The title of Count in the Magawly family is one of some antiquity. The present Count's younger brother, Christopher Magawly, Esq., holds a high commission in the Body Guard of the Emperor of Russia.—*D.*

The Goodwood Cup.—The Goodwood Cup of this year (which was run for on Thursday) is an exquisite thing of its kind. In fact, as a piece of modelling in metal, *after actual nature*, we know of nothing modern that is equal to it. It consists of a group of brood mares and foals, disposed in a variety of positions, round the stem of an oak tree, the outspread branches of which form the support of the cup,—which latter is a polished bowl of a Grecian shape, embraced and ornamented by the rich foliage of the oak. The animal

portion of the design is, as we have said, exquisitely done, and is, with one trifling exception (the off fore leg of one of the mares) almost faultless. The spirit and character of the foals are capital; and the whole group and its appendages form a design perfectly original and appropriate. The work is in dead silver, with the exception of the bowl,—which is polished. The main design is supported on a massive pedestal, engraved with appropriate inscriptions.—*B.*

DEATH OF THE DUKE OF REICHSTADT.—Le Temps has published the following letter, written by Maria Louisa, Duchess of Parma, mother of the Duke of Reichstadt, and addressed to the mother of Napoleon, by the title of Madame Mere, at Rome.

To Madame Mere, at Rome.—Madame.—In the hope of softening the bitterness of the sad news that I am unhappily about to announce to you, I would not yield to any one the sad duty of acquainting you here-with. On Sunday, the 23d, at five o'clock in the morning, my cherished son, Duke of Reichstadt, fell a victim to long and cruel sufferings. I had the consolation of being near him in his last moments, and that of convincing myself that nothing was neglected which could be done to preserve his life. But the assistance of the medical art was powerless against a disorder of the lungs, which the medical men unanimously decided from the beginning was of a nature so dangerous as to infallibly consign my unfortunate son to the tomb at the moment when he inspired the best hopes. It remains for us to submit to the will of heaven, and to mingle our regrets and our tears.

Accept, Madame, at this sad moment, the expression of the sentiments of attachment and consideration which are avowed towards you by your very affectionate daughter,  
MARIA LOUISA.  
Chateau of Schoenbrunn, July 23, 1832.

THE DUCHESS DE BERRI.—The London Sun gives the subjoined account of the recent adventures of Her Royal Highness.

An interesting narrative will shortly be published of the landing in the South of France of the Duchess de Berri, and her perilous journey to La Vendee. On finding herself chased by a Government cruiser, Her Royal Highness determined to land. She was about to jump into a fishing-boat, into which three of her companions had already descended, when, owing to a swell, she fell into the sea, and was only saved by being dragged out by the hair. It was in this state that she effected her landing, and had to walk nine miles before she could reach a miserable hut, where she spent the night. The next day a messenger apprized her of the unsuccessful rising at Marselles, the turn of which she was awaiting within a few miles. She immediately resolved to throw herself into La Vendee. On her chief adviser recommending on so desperate a plan, she boldly exclaimed: "J'y marche; les Bourbons n'ont que trop souvent quitte le sol Français!" The following night she spent in the woods. In one large town a friend, who was disguised as her servant, was sent to buy her something, and was recognised by a gentleman, who immediately discovered the personage he was with, and zealously assisted in favoring her progress. At a chateau where she stopped, and was enthusiastically admitted, the village parson, on entering the drawing room, exclaimed—"Mon Dieu, comme cette Dame ressemble a la bonne Duchesse!" He was, however, made to believe that she was a cousin of the family. At another house she was holding a newspaper in her hand, when a visitor came up and asked what news of the Carlo Alberto and Madame? She quietly read him a violent article against herself and friends. She went through another large town dressed as a groom, and standing behind her carriage. They are after her now, and maintain that she is the Boccage, and was seen lately crossing a rivulet on horseback.

STATUE OF WASHINGTON.—Mr. Livingston, Secretary of State, having addressed Mr. H. Greenough on the subject of his being chosen by Congress to execute a Statue of the First President of the United States, to adorn the large Hall of the Capitol, Mr. G. has replied in acknowledgement of the honour done him by the selection, and setting forth his views of the manner in which the undertaking should be performed. His letter bears date Florence (Italy) July 8th.

"I propose to give the statue, together with its pedestal an elevation of about twenty five feet from the floor of the hall. I say about, for though I have fixed on fifteen feet as the height of the statue itself, experiment alone will enable me to decide on that of the pedestal. This size, without encumbering the hall, will fill the eye at every part of the same, and the features will be recognised even from the door of the great entrance. To make the figure less, would be to risk the effect of the whole, by a diminutive appearance. I agree with you that the square form will be the best for the pedestal, and I am confident that the effect of this quadrangular body will be happier from its being enclosed by a circular wall."

The entire execution of the work, Mr. Greenough calculates, will occupy him four years. He receives a compensation of \$20,000.

We learn that the *Literary Convention* which was to have been held in this city during the present month, has been deferred until next Spring: gentlemen in other parts of the country who take particular interest in these annual meetings, having expressed an unwillingness to leave home, on account of the cholera, which, at the time when the invitations were to have issued, prevailed in this city, and was apprehended elsewhere.—*D. Adr.*

## MARRIAGE OF LEOPOLD AND THE PRINCESS LOUISE.

A royal marriage is not an every day occurrence, and it is still more unusual to be in possession of a minute and particular account of such an affair. It is also rare that the parties to such an alliance are personally so much objects of general popular interest as those whose union we are now considering. For these reasons, and for various incidental attractions combined with the matter, we have prepared from the abundant materials before us a very full history of the recent doings at Compeigne, which have allied the Royal Families of France and Belgium, and more closely entwined the destinies of the two nations.—*Atlas*.

## KING LEOPOLD'S BRIDAL TOUR.

A letter from a gentleman in his suite thus relates the circumstances of the King's "Haste to the wedding."

"The procession left Brussels at half-past eight, the King in one carriage, and four others *en suite*. Wherever we came we were received with the highest honour. In this manner we reached Mons, where we were received by the Governor, Baron Duval. When we reached the frontiers, we found the Duke de Choiseul, who had been sent by the King of the French to meet Leopold. We then proceeded to Valenciennes, where we were received by Marshal Gerard, who commands the army of the north, and by a large body of troops. After the King had received addresses from all the authorities, we sat down to table (about forty persons) and afterwards proceeded to sleep at Cambrai. Here we underwent the same forms and ceremonies, including a dinner; and then started again at seven in the morning, and after an inspection of the troops, got away and reached St. Quentin at about eleven. Here we had the same ceremony to go through again: we were again in motion at one, and reached Compeigne at half past five. About a mile from the town we were met by the Duke of Orleans and Nemours. The King descended from his carriage, and mounted his horse with them; two splendid regiments of cuirassiers were drawn up for a salute, and after inspecting them the King and Queen got into an open calèche and entered the town, which was as full as possible. Louis Philippe received the King very affectionately at the foot of the stairs, after which the King went to the Queen's cabinet, where he found the Queen and the Princess Louise." [ \* Who?—*Ed. Atlas*. ]

## ARRIVAL OF THE TWO COURTS AT COMPEIGNE.

The notices on this subject in the last number of the Constellation will suffice.

## SKETCH OF THE PARTIES AND THE PLACE, &amp;c.

## From a Letter by a Lady.

"In my last, I did not give you an account of our party in the Chateau. You will agree with me that this is not easy, when I inform you that our dinner party consisted yesterday of 125 persons. First I must explain to you, that there is the King and the Queen, than whom it is quite impossible to find a more amiable, affable, and pleasing couple. The King talks all languages fluently,—is extremely easy in his deportment, and the only fear I apprehend when talking with him, is to forget myself, and be too familiar. The Queen is delightful—as much as our own; and I can hardly pay a greater compliment; but as an older person, she has the air of what she is—a truly motherly person, but at the same time graceful and sensible. The Duc d'Orleans you have already seen: he is the most unaffected person I ever met in such a situation. The Duc de Nemours is a lad of 17. The Prince de Joinville, who is in the Navy, is about 13; and the Ducs d'Anjou and Montpensier are mere boys. The Princess Louise is short, and for a Queen, and the wife of so tall a man as Leopold, it is a defect. I have not yet spoken with her, as no introductions have been made, out of deference to a timidity which is her characteristic, and which it is natural she should feel in such a circle, and under such circumstances. She rather resembles some of the pictures of the Princess Charlotte, than the Princess herself; moreover, her figure is less, and better made. We had a little dance the other evening, in which she shewed an elegance that I should wish all our youthful dancers to have seen, as the perfection of a lady's style. The second, Princess Marie, is of a totally different cast of countenance, more resembling Miss Hope: she is very lively and pleasing. The youngest, Princess Clementine is very beautiful, resembling one of the Ladies Russell. She is not above fifteen. Next to the children of the King, I must name his sister, Madame Adelaide, a very clever, intelligent woman, of near 50. To conclude this family picture, I must tell you that they live together like private individuals, and even the French must admit, like an English family. There are several ladies of the Court, of various ages and pretensions, all, without exception, extremely amiable and pleasing; and the attention they pay to strangers is more than might be expected at home, and there are not visible any pretensions, or what is more singular, jealousies, amongst them. The men are very numerous, and as this is an affair of State, the Household are almost all assembled.

I will now describe our mode of passing a day, and I will take Tuesday last as the example. We met in the morning at ten o'clock. (I should begin by saying always in full uniform.) Every person makes it a point to pay each other the compliment of enquiring as to having slept well, &c. The French papers are in the room, and perhaps half an hour or more is thus consumed. The ladies on their arrival, pass through to the Queen's room. When breakfast is announced, forth come the Royal family, Louis Philippe generally with one of the little boys in one hand, and his sister or daughter in the other; and each person proceeds,

with a lady, if he can get one (but there are very few here,) through three or four immense rooms, rather bare of furniture, until you reach the great Golden Gallery, an apartment made by Napoleon, and painted by Gerard—a splendid room; here we find a regular meal, beginning with soup! Entrees of all sorts—pastry, fruit, and ending with tea, coffee, and eggs. Breakfast finished, we return in the same order to the waiting-room, from whence we had started. We talk a little together; we then go to Leopold's apartments, where he receives the authorities, civil and military, the Maison du Roi, et de la Reine, &c. &c.; we are then received by the King and Queen, and by the Dukes of Orleans and Nemours. At two o'clock the horses and carriages are at the door for a course in the forest. All the Royal Family go in an immense caeleste, a sort of sociable made to hold twelve persons, and drawn by six horses, and attended by piqueurs, valets, &c. &c., accompanied with several other carriages. I preferred to ride, and this party was headed by the young Dukes. We all went together to the ruins of the Monastery of St. Jean du Forest—which we inspected. We then took to horses and carriages, and passing along immense avenues and dozens of 'Carriages,' we came to the bottom of a steep hill, which we were obliged to walk up. With a great deal of merit this was accomplished, and we found ourselves at a sort of manor-house, with the ruins of an old abbey, St. Pierre, in the garden. After having walked about, and seen all that was to be seen, we found refreshments laid out *à la fresco*, and immediately devoured some cakes, champagne and ice, and then returned home. The dinner, which is ordinarily at six, was not on this occasion till past eight. Exactly the same forms and proceeding as at breakfast, may be applied to dinner. The whole was admirably served and cooked. The band of one of the regiments was then introduced, and as soon as coffee and liqueurs were finished, we began a little ball. The Princess Louise commenced with the Duke of Orleans, and all the ladies were pressed into the service. It was past eleven when this was over, and every body retired to their own rooms."

## REVIEW AND BANQUET PRECEDING THE MARRIAGE.

"On Wednesday, there was a review, at which the two Kings, the two Courts, and the whole of the family of Orleans, including the future Queen of Belgium, were to be present. On reaching the ground, about half a league from the Palace, we found the troops, consisting chiefly of cavalry, under arms. As the whole amounted to little more than 3,000 men, the affair must have been quite a pastime to the King, compared with the laborious duties of a similar nature he has lately had to perform in Paris. A French crowd is almost always orderly; but to-day, in the effusion of their feelings, rather than from any forgetfulness of decorum, the country people crowded round the Queen's carriage and clung to the very wheels, as if to testify their affection for a family which is undoubtedly distinguished by many amiable and attractive qualities; among which an open frankness of manner, which is common to the whole of them, is not the least fascinating.

I found no difficulty in placing myself so near the Queen's carriage as to be able to hear and see all that was passing within it. It was the same large open vehicle which has long been used for the family in their daily drives between Paris, Neuilly, and St. Cloud, containing four seats, two looking forward, and two backward. The back seat was occupied by the Queen and Madame Adelaide; that next to them, but also looking forward, by the Princess Louise and one of the young Princes; on the third seat from the back sat the Princesses Marie and Clementine; and the most restless of the party had the fourth seat to himself, the little Duke de Montpensier, who endeavored to make amends for being left alone by playing all manner of antics, which succeeded in making every one laugh but her whom it was his object to excite. As soon as the review was over, King Louis Philippe and King Leopold rode up to the carriage to pay their respects to the Ladies. Several years have elapsed since I have seen the King of the Belgians. His appearance is a good deal changed, the natural result of the care and anxiety to which he has lately been exposed. His manner, I need not tell you, is remarkably English. Even in this country, I believe he is considered a perfectly well-bred man, but it is in the total absence of that bowing and grinning which here passes for courtesy. The only persons in the carriage to whom King Leopold addressed himself particularly were the Queen and her eldest daughter. He could scarcely feel himself under the public eye amidst the peasantry by whom the carriage was immediately surrounded, and yet, in speaking to his bride, his manner was, if possible, more characterised by the external marks of extreme deference and respect than even when addressing himself to the Queen.

To-day there is an *Grand Concert* at the Palace, to which the public is admitted, according to an old established custom in France, to see the King and the Royal Family at dinner. It is laid out in the magnificent gallery erected by Napoleon, in which he received the Empress Marie Louise when she arrived from Germany as his bride. It is, I should think, about 120 feet in length, 40 feet in breadth, and nearly as much in height. The roof is vaulted, and supported by marble pillars, the flutings of which, as well as the compartments of the roof, are covered with the richest gilding. The intervals between the compartments of the ceiling are ornamented with allegorical designs, representing the principal victories of Bonaparte. The accessories are all of a warlike character, consisting of eagles grasping thunderbolts, and similar devices, together with a profusion of stars, bees, and

wreaths of laurel. It is wonderful that Charles X. should have allowed these things to remain, since Compeigne, during the whole of his reign, was one of his most favourite retreats, from the abundance of game in the forest, and the means thus afforded of ministering to what was generally believed to be his chief personal enjoyment. On one side the forest approaches very near to the town, being only separated from it by the Royal Gardens, through which Charles X. caused a canal to be cut, by means of which he could step into a boat almost at the door of the Palace, and, without even mounting a horse, reach the spot where he commenced the pleasures of the chase.

The public were admitted to the great dining room by means of tickets, for which to judge from the crowd at the entrance, there must have been a considerable demand. In my case I found that I could dispense with this formality, having previously obtained a *passé-partout*, through the kindness of his Majesty's Aide-de-Camp. In general, however, you may make your way in this country without much difficulty, by urging in becoming terms your character as a stranger. The feeling of national hospitality is present in every Frenchman's breast down to the very lowest ranks, and although it does not induce him to go much out of the way to serve you, yet at least it prevents him from raising obstacles which you meet with in other countries I could mention, from a mere spirit of churlishness and contradiction.

There was but one long table in the gallery, at which I should think there were not fewer than 150 persons seated. Nine-tenths of the number consisted of Gentlemen, the Ladies being placed near the centre of the table, in the immediate neighborhood of Royalty. The prevailing dresses were uniforms, partly French and partly Belgian, but there were also present several Ministers of State and Civil Functionaries of the two countries in Court dresses. The Bishop of Meaux, and other Clergymen, both Protestant and Catholic, served to give some variety to this brilliant spectacle. I thought I could observe, however, that the members of the Catholic Priesthood especially, were shunned in conversation by their neighbors on the right and left, who left them to the solitary enjoyment of the pleasures of the table.

The gallery is lighted from one side only, and as dinner was served so early as six, the effect was, perhaps, not so splendid as if the great lustres which hung from the ceiling had been fully lighted up. The public were admitted to the one side of the tables only, the Royal party being seated near the centre of the other side, with their faces of course to the windows. The seat of honour was reserved for the Queen, who had the Princess Louise on her right, and King Leopold on her left. King Louis Philippe sat next to the Royal bridegroom; and on the right and left of these principal personages were the young Princesses and Princes, with the exception of the Dukes of Orleans and Nemours, who seemed to have taken their places indiscriminately among the general mass of the company. I could observe, however, that with the exception of the members of the Royal Family, no Lady had seated herself on the King's side of the table, the *dames d'honneur* and other privileged females, being seated on the public side, as nearly as possible in front of the Royal party.

The Queen and Madame Adelaide were splendidly attired; but the Princesses, and particularly the bride, had adhered most rigidly to that rule of strict simplicity in dress which is uniformly observed in this country by unmarried ladies. I need not tell you that the three young Princesses have been so highly favoured in the attractions which nature has bestowed on them, that they need not 'foreign aid of ornament' for their display. They have all fine hair,—that of the first and second being as fair as is consistent with beauty, and of the third, the Princess Marie, being considerably darker.

The two younger girls had flowers in their hair, but the bride had no sort of extraneous ornament whatever. The Ladies of the Court were all in handsome head-dresses."

## THE MARRIAGE CEREMONIES, &amp;c.

"On Thursday, after dinner, the King and Royal Family proceeded to his Majesty's closet, where the marriage contract was read by M. Dupin. They then passed into a grand gallery, where the ceremony of the civil marriage was performed. Baron Pasquier, President of the Chamber of Peers, and M. Cauchy, Keeper of the Archives, performed the functions of officers of the civil state. The whole Court formed a large circle the centre of which was occupied by King Leopold and the Princess Louise, next came the King and Queen of the French, their family and the witnesses of the Princess, among whom were Messrs. Beranger, Girod de l'Ain, and Delessert, Marshal Gerard, and four Peers of France. The witnesses for the King of the Belgians were Count Felix de Merode, Minister of State, and Member of the Chamber of Representatives, and the Count d'Aerschott, Grand Marshal and Senator. At a quarter-past nine, the *cortège* entered the chapel of the Palace, which was ornamented with crimson velvet and gold fringe, and furnished with two rows of chairs. In the galleries were the Ladies of the Queen's household, the Countess de Mallet, Governess of the Princesses, who appeared deeply affected, a considerable number of other ladies, the public functionaries and superior officers, the persons belonging to the suite of King Leopold, and several French and Belgian artists, and the persons of the King's household. On the right of the Princess Louise were the King of the French, the Duke of Orleans, and all the other Princes. On the left of King Leopold were the Queen of the French, the Princesses her daughters, and Madame Adelaide. Behind were

the Ladies of the Court, and Madame Le Hon, Lady of the Belgian Ambassador, and near them the Ministers and Civil and Military Officers of the households of the two Kings. The Bishop of Meaux performed the service, according to the usual rites of the Catholic Church, and after delivering a short address to the new married couple, and blessing the ring, declared them man and wife in the face of the Church. The whole of the spectators were moved by the touching ceremony, and the young Queen was greatly agitated. The bridal party then adjourned to one of the saloons of the Palace, where the marriage was again solemnized according to the rites of the reformed religion, of which the King of the Belgians is a member. The remainder of the day was passed *en famille*. The Princess Louise wore a dress of the richest Mechlin, presented by the Belgian manufacturers. It arrived so late that the *couturiers* had scarcely time left to make it up. She was covered with a most superb lace veil, and brilliantly adorned with diamonds. King Leopold wore an embroidered uniform, of simple but elegant taste, with the riband of the Legion of Honour, and all his orders in diamonds. Numerous parties are still (at midnight) dancing in the avenue leading to the forest, and the whole scene is most strikingly picturesque. The whole town is covered with tri-coloured flags, and brilliantly illuminated. At the end of the alley where the dancing is, there appears a grand transparency, with the words, *Vive Louis Philippe, Roi des Français! Vive le Roi des Belges!* M. Van de Weyer set out for Paris immediately after the ceremony.

The whole of the Ministers of Louis Philippe were present, except Montalivet.

The marriage took place about ten o'clock, and immediately after the Royal dinner, the chateau was illuminated, and all the chief houses in the town. The little theatre of the place was thrown open to all who pleased to enter it. There was also a public ball, conducted in the open air, in an avenue formed of noble trees, something like the Long Walk at Windsor, and which connects the town with the forest. Lamps suspended from tree to tree, conjointly with a beautiful moon, lighted up the verdant dancing ground. A large orchestra, raised on a temporary platform, dispersed its music over a space sufficiently extensive to permit several sets of quadrilles, having about thirty persons in each set, to take advantage of it, and the latter consisting for the most part, of military of every uniform, and the *réligieuses*, followed each other in rapid succession, until it would seem that every man in the garrison, and every girl in Compeigne, had participated in their favourite amusement, in which good dancing was not more remarkable than a general propriety of behaviour. In addition to this there were tumblers and lottery-men, and tricksters of all sorts, scattered through the avenue, amongst crowds of spectators, whilst awnings spread out amongst the trees, covered tables, at which refreshments in every variety were dispensed. All this lasted till long after midnight."

## INCIDENTS OF THE OCCASION.

"The most striking features of this important ceremony, were its extreme simplicity, solemnity, and the absence not only of pomp, but of the *élite* and ennoble of the land. His Excellency the Earl of Granville, as well as the Ambassadors of Austria and Prussia, were present, but their time was more engaged by diplomatic business, than by festive pleasure. Estafette after estafette, from Brussels, with news of ominous import, continually broke in upon the harmony of the otherwise happy scene; and, as if a sort of fatality attached to the amiable Leopold, a courier with despatches of the most hostile nature, galloped into the Court-yard of the Chateau, at the very moment the indissoluble tie was binding and blending two illustrious destinies into one. Of course, this circumstance was not communicated to the Belgian sovereign till after the ceremony; when a kindly, and diplomatic council was held, and Louis Philippe, evidently wound up to warlike feelings by the untoward tidings brought by the ill-timed messenger, declared to the British Ambassador, and their Excellencies of Vienna and Berlin, his determination to bring the King of Holland to reason promptly, and at the point of the bayonet, if necessary; though always in conjunction with his good ally of England. This resolution produced a powerful effect upon the diplomatic trio, although of a different nature. Lord Granville appeared to hail this dawn of determination on the part of his French Majesty, while the Count d'Appony, and Frederick William's representative, listened, bowed, but said little. Their Excellencies immediately despatched couriers to their respective courts, to announce the Royal marriage, as they said, but the *pith* of their reports, doubtless, related to a more serious subject."

## PROCESS VERBAL OF THE MARRIAGE.

"Thursday, the ninth day of August, in the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty-two, at half-past eight in the evening, We, Etienne Denis, Baron Pasquier, Peer of France, President of the Chamber of Peers, Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, performing, in the terms of the Royal ordinances, of the 25th of March, 1816, the functions of officer of the Civil State with regard to Princess and Princesses of the Royal House, accompanied only (on account of the absence of Charles Louis Huguet, Marquis de Semenville, Peer of France, Grand Referendary of the Chamber of Peers) by Eugene Francois Couchy, Auditor of the Council of State, Keeper of the Register and Archives of the said Chamber of Peers, performing the duties of Notary of the said Civil State.—We have arrived, according to the orders of the King, at the Royal palace of Compeigne, in the cabinet of his Majesty, where are also, by order of the King, Horace Francis Bastien, Count Sebastiani de la Porta, Min-



ister Secretary of State of the Foreign Department, Lieut.-General of the King's Armies, Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour; Felix Barthe, Keeper of the Seals, Minister Secretary of State of the Justice Department; and Charles Ame Joseph Lehon, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of his Majesty the King of the Belgians, and Officer of the Legion of Honour.

At which place we have proceeded to the act of marriage of the very illustrious, powerful, and excellent Prince Leopold, first of that name (Leopold Georges Chretien Frederick) King of the Belgians, Duke of Saxe, Prince of Coburg Gotha, born at Coburg, 16th December 1790, eldest son of the illustrious and powerful Prince Francois Antoine, Duke of Saxe, Prince of Coburg and Salfeld, and of the very illustrious and powerful Princess Auguste Caroline Sophie, Duchess of Saxe; widower (6th December 1817) of the very illustrious, powerful, and excellent Princess Charlotte Augusta, daughter of the very illustrious, powerful, and excellent Prince, George IV., King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, on one part; and the very illustrious and powerful Princess Louise Marie Therese Caroline Isabelle, Princess of Orleans, born at Palermo 3d April 1812, younger daughter of the very illustrious, powerful, and excellent Prince Louis Philippe, first of the name, King of the French, and of the very illustrious, powerful, and excellent Princess Marie Amelie, Queen of the French, on the other part.

And to this effect: In the presence of the said very illustrious, powerful, and excellent Prince Louis Philippe, first of the name, King of the French, and very illustrious, powerful, and excellent Princess, Marie Amelie, Queen of the French, as also in the presence of the very illustrious and powerful Princes Ferdinand Philippe Louis Charles Henri Rosolin d'Orleans, Duke of Orleans, Prince Royal; Louis Charles Philippe Raphael d'Orleans, Duke de Nemours; Francois Ferdinand Philippe Louis Marie d'Orleans, Prince de Joinville; Henri Eugene Philippe Louis d'Orleans, Duke d'Aumale; Antoine Marie Philippe d'Orleans, Duke de Montpensier, sons of the Majesties—and of the very illustrious and powerful Princesses Marie Christine Caroline Adelaide Francoise Leopoldine, Princess of Orleans; Marie Clementine Caroline Leopoldine Clotilde Princess of Orleans, daughters of their Majesties; and of the very illustrious and powerful Princess Eugene Adelaide Louise, Princess of Orleans, sister of the King.

And also in the presence of witnesses appointed by the King—namely:

For his Majesty the King of the Belgians, Philippe Jean Michel, Comte d'Arschot, Member of the Belgian Senate, Grand Marshal of the Court, and Philippe Felix Balthazar Othor, Comte de Merode, Member of the Chamber of Representatives of Belgium, Minister of State.

And for her Royal Highness, the future spouse, Claude Antoine Gabriel, Duke de Choiseul, Peer of France, Lieut.-General of the King's Armies, Aide-de-camp of his Majesty, Commander of the Legion of Honour; Francois Marquis de Barbe Marbois, Peer of France, First President of the Cour de Comptes, and Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour; Joseph Marie, Count Portales, Peer of France, First President of the Court of Cassation, and Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour; Hugues Bernard Maret, Duke de Bassano, Peer of France, and Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour; Maurice Etienne, Count Gerard, Member of the Chamber of Deputies, Marshal of France, and Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour; Alphonse Marie Marcellin Thomas Berenger, Member of the Chamber of Deputies; Andre Marie Jean Jacques Dupin, Member of the Chamber of Deputies, the King's Procureur General in the Court of Cassation; and Jules Paul Benjamin Delessert, Member of the Chamber of Deputies.

After having taken the orders of the King, we have made the following demands to the illustrious individuals:—

“Illustrious, powerful, and excellent Prince Leopold I., King of the Belgians, Duke of Saxe, Prince of Coburg Gotha, do you declare to take in marriage the illustrious and powerful Princess Louise Marie Therese Caroline Isabelle, Princess of Orleans, here present?” And to the above the said illustrious, powerful, and excellent Prince replied, “Yes, Sir.”

“Illustrious and powerful Princess Louise Marie Therese Caroline Isabelle, Princess of Orleans, do you declare to take in marriage the illustrious, powerful, and excellent Prince Leopold I., King of the Belgians, Duke of Saxe, Prince of Coburg Gotha, here present?” And to this the said illustrious and powerful Princess replied, “Yes, Sir.”

Upon which we said—

By order of the King, and in the name of the law, we declare that the illustrious, powerful and excellent Prince Leopold, first of that name, King of the Belgians, Duke of Saxe, Prince of Coburg Gotha, and the illustrious and powerful Princess Louise Marie Therese Caroline Isabelle, Princess of Orleans, are united in marriage.

Of all which we have drawn up this process, and signed it after the same having been read.

LOUIS PHILIPPE,  
MARIE AMELIE,  
LEOPOLD,  
LOUISE D'ORLEANS.

Ferdinand Philippe d'Orleans, Louis Charles d'Orleans, Francois Ferdinand d'Orleans, Henri Eugene Philippe d'Orleans, Antoine Marie Philippe d'Orleans, E. Adelaide d'Orleans, Count d'Arschot, Count Felix de Merode, the Duke de Choiseul, Barbe

Marbois, Count Portales, Duc de Bassano, Marshal Count Gerard, Marcellin Berenger, Dupin aine, B. Delessert, H. Sebastiani, Barthe, Count Lehon, Baron Pasquier, E. Couchy.”

#### ROYAL VISIT TO PIERREFONDS.

On Friday the whole of the Royal party and suite went through the chief streets in the town previous to making an excursion to Pierrefonds. They occupied five vehicles of purely French fashion. The chief calashe, in which the Royal family and Leopold were, resembled a boat on wheels, with an awning raised over it by rods. Its centre was occupied by Louis Philippe, the young Queen, and her husband, behind them the Queen of France, and before them the young Princes and Princesses were seated. The calashe which followed were somewhat different, and resembled a concatenation of gigs, dove-tailed into one another. In each of these some dozen Marshals, Ministers, and Generals were stowed. As the cavalcade passed through the narrow streets, the people crowded round it, shouting out with great enthusiasm, and with a strong patois pronunciation, *Yee lou ru-ru-ru!* which Louis Philippe returned with the greatest familiarity and good nature. Many of the young girls in the crowd handed in pretty fancy baskets and trifles of their own manufacture, to the young Queen; and one meagre individual, who must have been a poet, also presented a paper, which was graciously received. The object of these little attentions blushed all the time celestial rosy red, and looked exceedingly handsome and interesting. She resembles Miss E. Tree, with the exception that her eyes are larger, of a paler blue, and of a less animated expression.

Pierrefonds is a noble mass of ruins near the northern extremity of the forest. The Castle and the neighbouring domains have been an appanage of the family of Orleans for several centuries, and it was only at the period of the Revolution that they were confiscated, and afterwards sold to a speculator for a few thousand francs. From the date of the original sale, in 1798, the property passed through several hands; and up to the year 1813, when re-purchased at the public expense, and definitely incorporated with the domains of the Crown, the ruins became a sort of quarry for the buildings in the neighbourhood, so that during that short period they suffered more than by whole centuries of natural decay. The pile, however, has still an imposing appearance, and at the period of its first erection must not only have been of great extent, but of considerable importance as a stronghold. It is situated on an eminence of no great height, surrounded on all sides but one by a flat tract of country, which if you could suppose it to be covered with water, would place the fortress on a peninsula, connected only with the main land by a narrow isthmus.

It was at an early period of the second dynasty of France, and as I think, in the eighth century, that this Castle was raised by one of those proud Barons who often dared to dispute the will of their Sovereign. During the wars with England in the 15th century, it withstood several memorable sieges; and it was in returning from Pierrefonds to Compeigne where Henry the Fourth resided with his celebrated favourite, La Belle Gabrielle, Duchess of Beaufort; that he escaped one of those attempts at assassination, which ultimately proved successful in the streets of Paris. It was a Duke d'Aumale, the creature of Rieux, then Lord of Pierrefonds, who attempted to cut off the King at the head of a band of five hundred horse, and Rieux was afterwards executed for it in front of the Hotel de Ville, at Compeigne. It was during the reign of Louis the Thirteenth that the Castle was unroofed and dismantled, in consequence of its having become the terror of the whole country, from the hands of brigands who had taken up their residence in it, and defied all lawful authority. The walls, however, were not pulled down. Indeed that would have been no easy matter as they are built of hard granite, in general some fifteen or sixteen inches thick, and are cemented by means of mortar, so excellent in quality as to make it easier to split the granite than to separate the stones at the joints. There are seven towers still standing, most of which are upwards of 100 feet in height, and one or two of them, especially the great donjon, nearly double that elevation. Round the base of the hill on which the ruins are situated, there are also the remains of extensive buildings, which had probably been erected there for the enjoyment of that protection which the neighbourhood of the Castle would afford them. From these there are subterranean passages cut out of the solid rock, which lead to the interior of the fortress, and which are regarded with some reason as a great historical curiosity.

For the last 200 years it is probable that no human being has enjoyed the commanding prospect from the top of the donjon tower, as nothing remained of it but the naked walls, without any vestige of a staircase. In compliment to the occasion which has brought the Court to Compeigne, the King has caused a commodious staircase to be erected for the enjoyment of the view, and tents have been pitched on the plain below, for the entertainment of the company at a rural fete, which he caused to be prepared for them. The day would have been a delightful one but for the excessive heat of the weather, which was really past all endurance; and the sudden death of Col. Jolly, of the Curassiers, two days before, in consequence of eating an ice on returning from the review, made the company exceedingly abstemious in the use of those luxuries, which his Majesty's munificence had prepared for them.

#### RETURN TO BELGIUM.

On Monday, Leopold and his Consort left Compeigne for Brussels; their Majesties will visit Paris at the beginning of October. The French King and

Queen are returned to St. Cloud. M. de Talleyrand will set off for London in a few days. The absence of the Duc de Saxe Coburg from his brother's wedding was much remarked. It is said the Duke's mission to the Court at Brussels was to prevent the marriage, if possible, at the secret instigations of Russia and Prussia.”

#### MISS KEMBLE'S THEFTS.

From the London Age.

Dear Agnes—  
I tell with equal truth and grief,  
That Fanny Kemble is a thief;  
Before the victim well could go,  
She stole the whiteness of the snow;  
And more—that whiteness of the snow;  
She stole the blueness of the moon;  
She stole all the softness of the moon;  
On garments blue, and velvet shawls,  
There's no repeating all her wiles;  
She stole the Grace's waving smile;  
‘Twas quickly seen she robbed the sky,  
‘Twas a star in her eye;  
She pilfered velvet pearls for teeth,  
And stole the Mar's ambrosial breath;  
The cherry, steep'd in quinquina dew,  
Gave moisture to her lips—and hue,  
Those were her most of wiles—a store  
To which in time she added more;  
For then she stole from Cyprus Queen  
Her hair, and lost—no more her own;  
She stole Jane's dignity; and stole  
From Pallas—erases to charm the soul.  
She play'd; the Muses from their hill,  
Wonder'd who dare had stol'n their skill;  
Gout Jove, her pilfering thefts to crown,  
Pronounced these beauties all her own!  
Pardon her crimes—and praise her art—  
How'd it to act a second part—  
And Jove's Bride! ‘Thou art a thief!’  
Has stol'n the heart of—poor Charles Polson!

#### EFFECT OF EMPLOYMENTS ON LIFE AND HEALTH.

From the Atlas.

This is a curious and important subject, and has been taken up with vast industry, intelligence, and research, by Mr. Thackeray, of Leeds, Eng. His first publication is known to the readers of the Atlas. A second edition adds much that is rare and valuable. As a novelty to many in this country, we subjoin the enumeration of artificers whose employments he has added to his investigation. Several of the names will, we presume, be altogether strange and even unintelligible to most persons here. To this list will be annexed various extracts from the volume.

**Labourers and Artisans.**—Agricultural labourers, blanket-makers, bleachers, bleachers of worsted, bobbin-makers, bone-button-makers, brassfounders and workers, bronzers, button-makers, calenderers, carders of wool, card-makers, carpenters (ship), clog-makers, cloth-pressers, cloth-risers, comb-makers, copperplate printers, cork-cutters, cotton-weavers, coverlet-weavers, cutlers, die-sinkers, draymen, dressers of hemp, dressers of japanned goods, engravers, farriers, file-cutters, makers of fire-arms, flask-dressers, fly-makers, gear-makers, water-gilders, gilt-button-makers, gold-beaters, gold-workers, preparers and dressers of hair, harding-weavers, innkeepers, iron-miners, japanners, stovers of japanned goods, jewellers and workers in gold, manufacturers of white lead, Spanish and coloured leather dressers, looking-glass makers, men who silver mirrors, makers of military ornaments, makers of sulphuric and nitric acid and sulphate of magnesia, marble-masons or dressers, men independent of business and labour, metal and iron button-makers, mineral acid makers, modellers in plaster of Paris, nail-makers, night-men, paper-stainers, pearl-button-makers, plane-makers, power-loom-weavers of stuffs, stuff and woollen printers, sailors, sail-makers, shear-grinders, shoddy-grinders, silk-throwsters, silk-weavers, silversmiths, soap-boilers, soldiers, spoon-makers, stencillers, stocking-weavers, stone-getters, stuff-weavers, sugar-refiners, tobacco-pipe-makers, tortoise-shell-workers, turners, working upholsterers, varnish-makers, wire-grinders, weavers of wire, weavers of worsted handkerchiefs, fancy goods, &c. whip-makers, wire-drawers.

Bleachers are exposed to chlorine both in inhalation, and by often standing for the whole day in water strongly impregnated with this gas. They work in open sheds, and are occasionally employed in the field, spreading out the yarn. They are healthy and strong. None are affected with rheumatism. They live to a good age.”

The brass-founders suffer from the inhalation of the volatilized metal. In the founding of yellow brass in particular, the evolution of oxide of zinc is very great. It immediately affects respiration; it less directly affects the digestive organs. The men suffer from difficulty of breathing, cough, pain at the stomach, and sometimes morning vomiting. The brass-melters of Birmingham state their liability also to an intermittent fever, which they term the brass-ague, and which attacks them from once a month to once a year, and leaves them in a state of great debility. As a preventive they are in the habit of taking emetics. They are often intemperate. In Leeds we did not find one brass-founder more than forty years of age; though we have since been informed that there are two brass-founders in the neighbourhood, of the ages of sixty and seventy, who have continued at the employ from boyhood. The turners, filers, and dressers of brass, if confined to this metal, do not seem to be more unhealthy than the generality of our townsmen. We observe, among the filers, the hair of the head changed to green. This I suppose to result from the oil of the hair's combining with the copper in the brass particles.”

Gilt-button-makers, in the casting department, are subjected not only to great heat, but to rather severe effects from the fumes of zinc. These are giddiness, headach, sickness, reduction of the appetite, and bilious disorders. The men have the appearance of ill health; forty-five is about the average duration of life. In this, however, as well as other baneful occupations, it is difficult to determine the proportion of evil which the employ and intemperance respectively produce; for labour that distresses is generally well paid; high wages admit considerable intervals of rest and leisure; and leisure, by most uneducated workmen, is spent unhappily only at the alehouse. In gilding, the temperature of the rooms is 110° to 120°. But the principal evil is the mercurial vapour. Reduction of appetite and of sleep, trembling of the limbs, soreness of the gums, and disorder of the bowels are the common effects. At Birmingham, the women employed in this department begin their work at 10 a.m., and leave it at 5 p.m. They seldom live to full age.”

Comb-makers, exposed to a disagreeable odour from the bullocks' hoofs, are healthy and long-lived.

Engravers fix the trunk and limbs more than almost any other operatives. The head is brought forward, and the eye intensely and long occupied with objects generally so small as to require a strong artificial lens. In one part of the process, the engraver is subjected to the annoyance of nitrous fumes, but this is only occasional. The posture and confinement affect the head, but more frequently, and more considerably, the organs of digestion. Sometimes the appetite is reduced, almost always the action of the bowels is greatly impaired. Organic disease, however, of the abdominal viscera are by no means so frequent as in many other sedentary occupations, tailors and shoemakers for instance. This I attribute to the less general intemperance of engravers. The employment affects vision. Young men, for a short time after removing the lens, are unable to judge accurately of the relative size of objects, even at a foot's distance. And the eyes of old engravers are considerably impaired, both as optical and vital instruments.”

Preparers or dressers of hair—men, women, or boys—are in an atmosphere of dust and stench, especially when employed on the foreign article. The winnowers suffer most. The complexion is soon rendered pale, the appetite reduced, the head affected with pain, respiration impeded, cough and expectoration established, the body emaciated. I scarcely need add that life is sacrificed to a continuance of the employ. In most baneful arts and occupations the wages are high; but here we find with surprise that the winnowers do not earn more than 4s. 6d. or 5s. a week. For what a pittance is health broken and life destroyed? But why should the winnowing be effected by hand at all? Why not employ machinery to turn the fan? or why not collect the dust in a box, and carry it off through a wooden chimney by the current from the fan? Few persons, indeed, are employed in the dressing of hair, and fewer are acquainted with their situation and suffering. This may palliate, but cannot excuse the neglect.”

The manufacturers of white lead are subjected to its poison, both by the lungs and the skin. The dust and exhalation are most from the white-beds and the packing; little from smelting. There is only stench from the grinding, and neither dust nor smell from the blue-beds. Such, at least, was the statement of the managers of an establishment at Hull; for we were not permitted personally to inspect the process, though we examined the men. In several departments the heat is such as to produce sweating. Drinking, however, is less than in many other hot employments, and white-lead preparers are not, as a body, intemperate. In all departments the men and women are sallow and thin, and complain frequently of headach and loss of appetite. The effects of the lead are most marked in the white-beds and packing departments. Here, men soon complain of headach, drowsiness, sickness, vomiting, gripping, obstinate constipation; and to these succeed colic or inflammation of the bowels, disorders of the urinary organs, and, finally, the most marked of the diseases from lead—palsy. We observed the muscles of the fore-arm more frequently and sooner to suffer than other parts. The eyes are also affected with chronic inflammation, or reduced nervous power. Persons commence the manufacture about the age of twenty; many soon leave, from broken health; those who endure the employ do not remain, on the average, longer than the age of forty-five; and during one-third of these twenty-five years, the men are laid up in bed, or decrepit from colic or palsy. The oldest man known in a large establishment at Hull, we found to have attained the age of fifty-four; but he is now unable to work. It is sixteen years since he entered the employ, and during this period he has been laid up twenty-eight times from serious disease! Each attack has been worse than its predecessor. He has been, on one occasion, nineteen weeks in bed, with scarcely the power of stirring a limb, and was a month without any evacuation from the bowels. This miserable man is now partially paralytic; he has scarcely any motion in either wrist, and his lower ex-

Mr. B., now about the age of 60, was closely employed in engraving for 30 years. His right eye, that which he applied with a convex lens to his art, is considerably more prominent than his left; and he is consequently obliged to close it when he looks at distant objects. Though not of late years engaged in engraving, he cannot accurately estimate the distance and relative position of near objects. In playing at backgammon, for instance, he frequently takes up a wrong marker. In weak light, the left eye is better than the right. Cases of this kind illustrate some points of function and disease.”

